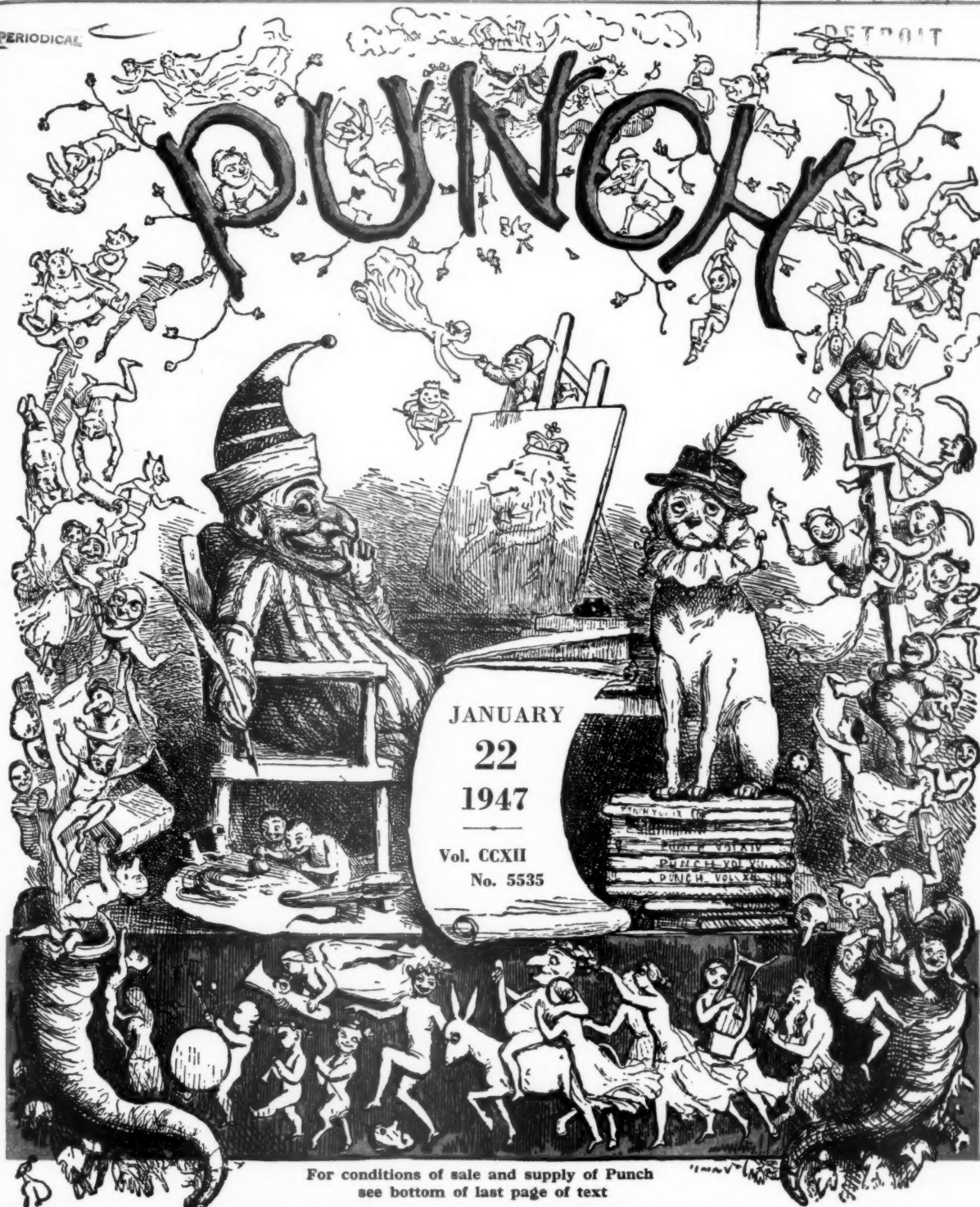


Huntley & Palmers *the first name you think of in* Biscuits

FEB 8 - 1947

DETROIT

PERIODICAL



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch see bottom of last page of text



Player's Please

MORE AND MORE

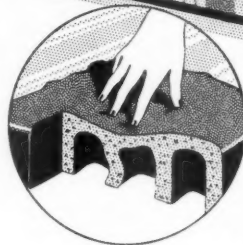
DANDIES OF COVENT GARDEN...No. 1



Beau Brummell once said "I think that with a moderate degree of prudence and economy a young man might manage to dress on £800 a year." He probably said it in Covent Garden, a district that was for centuries famous as the home of the gay, the gifted and the well-dressed. To-day, though Beau Brummell and his fellow-dandies have gone, Covent Garden's tradition of fine dress lives on at Moss Bros.

MOSS BROS
OF COVENT GARDEN
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE
Corner of King St. and Bedford St., W.C.2
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GOOD NEWS
FOR INVALIDS

For the first time since the war the exceptional comfort of the Dunlopillo mattress is available to invalids who hold a doctor's certificate.

Being porous, dustless and of uniform softness, it combines complete relaxation with perfect hygiene. Order through your furnisher.

DUNLOPILLO

LATEX FOAM MATTRESSES

DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD., (Dunlopillo Div.) RICE LANE, WALTON, LIVERPOOL, 9
I, ALBANY STREET, N.W.1. Telephone: EUSTON 3434.

46/DP/6A



Cmdr. Campbell's QUIZ

Q. What are 'hands' of tobacco?

A. Bundles of dried leaves, graded according to quality into 'firsts,' 'seconds' and 'lugs.' Each 'hand'

contains from ten to twenty-five leaves. Naturally, only 'firsts' are used by Murray's.

Q. What is 'prizing'?

A. Packing of tobacco into 1,000 lb. wooden drums (called hogsheads). The leaf must be scientifically packed, under pressure, so that it arrives in first-class condition, like Murray's.

Q. Is there a simple way of telling a good briar pipe?

A. Experts say it takes years to learn how to tell a good briar. Look for close grain, and a substantial thickness without weight, then fill with Murray's Mellow Mixture, and forget the experts. Murray's is a real comfort — it smokes coolly and burns evenly. And it's only 2/9 an ounce.

MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE

MURRAY SONS AND CO. LTD., BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND

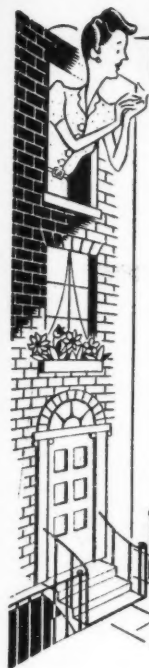
where good tobaccos have been skilfully blended for 100 years

Worry is another name for poisons in the system. Clear them out and be cheerful! This way:



ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"

2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)



Hot Water please in 4 places at once

Bedroom basins, bath and kitchen sink all being used at the same time. What will be the best automatic hot water system for this household?

A gas storage water heater—gradually becoming available again—would probably meet the case perfectly. Heating unit and insulated storage tank are combined. An automatic control keeps guard; when the water is hot, down goes the gas. A most efficient and labour-saving system for homes with hot taps in several rooms.

Your local Gas Showrooms will advise you, says Mr. Therm.



constant HOT water? **certainly**—BY GAS

(50)

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Good leather . . a famous last

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Church's famous English shoes

made by Church's of Northampton

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED



HMV Radio

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OF THE MUSIC-LOVING PUBLIC



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED, HAYES, MIDDLESEX



THAT'S
WHAT I
CALL A
LOVELY
FIGURE

... in any field of sport winning ways go with lovely figures. Just how much the smart woman owes to a J.B. foundation is her secret.

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Cut a pretty figure . . .

A talented cut . . . clever shaping—worn open when you feel informal . . . closed for chic demure. At leading Fashion Houses and Stores.



THE WAKEFIELD SHIRT CO., LTD.,
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THE MEMORIAL TO PREBENDARY CARLILE

Founder of the Church Army, will take the form of a Training College for future Church Army Men and Women. Will you please send a gift to this important and deserving object, or will you send some old gold, silver, plate or jewellery (broken or otherwise), for sale on behalf of the Fund. Please send to Financial Organizing Secretary (Memorial Fund), Church Army, 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

THE NEW WONDER TOY



TRI-ANG WAKOUWA

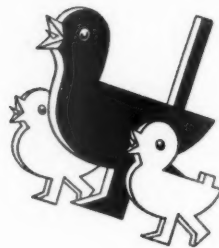
Ask to see this amusing dog at your local toy-shop. This amazing novelty is life-like to a degree of accuracy that is almost unbelievable. He is capable of expressing all the emotions like an experienced film dog, and all at your command. We cannot guarantee adequate supplies of our toys in the shops owing to shortage of materials and Government instructions regarding export.

PATENTS. British Patent Number 580314. Patents pending in twenty-three other countries. Sole Manufacturers, Great Britain and other countries:

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*Best known -
best liked*



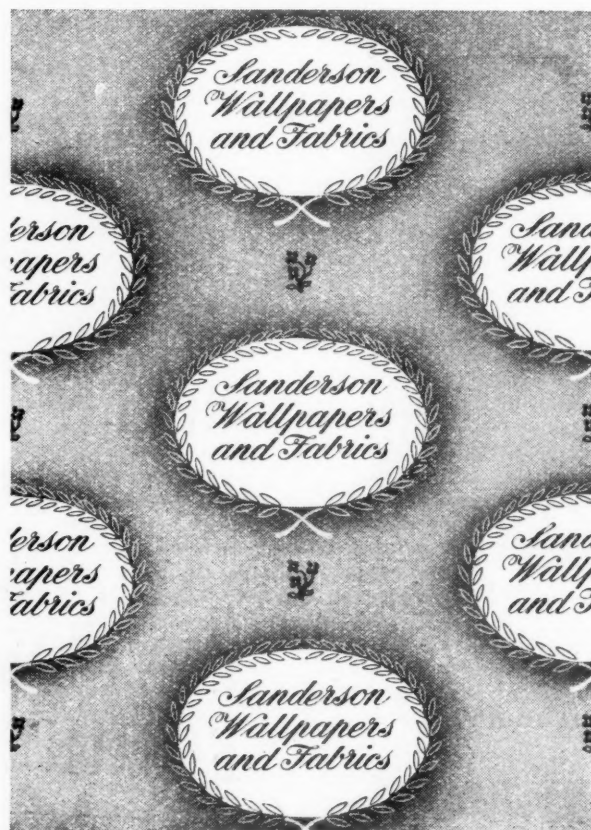
BIRD'S CUSTARD AND JELLIES

BRITAIN CAN
BAKE IT
much better with
LINGFORDS
BAKING POWDER!



You can bake a much better
pie or pudding, cake or pastry
with
LINGFORDS
FAMOUS
BAKING POWDER
because of its very
high raising power

Lingfords Baking Powder has the
extra raising power which you
need for the present 'Darker' Flour.
JOSEPH LINGFORD & SON, LTD. BISHOP AUCKLAND



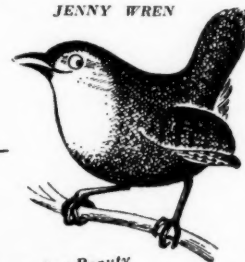
52-53 BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.1

6-7 NEWTON TERRACE, GLASGOW, G.3

CURICONES
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RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS,
GOUT AND ALL RHEUMATIC ILLS
DOCTORS USE IT
OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME!

JENNY WREN



I know that Beauty
ornaments
Herself with creams
and rouge and scents!
But more important,
I should think,
Her white teeth keep her 'in
the pink'!
And she preserves their gleam
and gloss
By using stuff called Kolynos.
I'm just a Wren, without a tooth,
But 'little birds' oft tell the truth!

CONFIDENTALLY
it's KOLYNOS
FOR WHITER, BRIGHTER TEETH

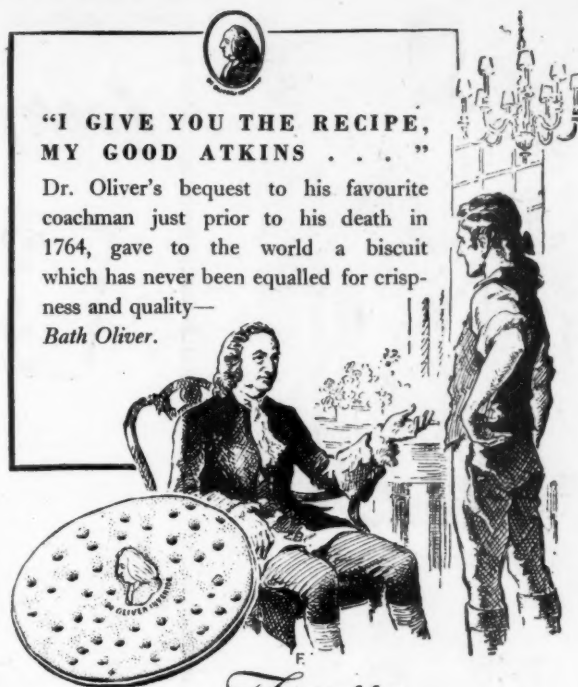


Lucky lady indeed—for eight long years Elaine's tea parties have been graced with a beautifully designed electric kettle—a G.E.C. model purchased just before the war—her pride, and the envy of her visitors. No wonder Elaine and her friends are keeping a very sharp look-out for all the good things the G.E.C. are planning to provide in the months to come. Ease, efficiency and comfort, with 'everything electrical'—are on the way.

G.E.C.

Electrical Appliances for the Home

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"I GIVE YOU THE RECIPE,
MY GOOD ATKINS . . ."

Dr. Oliver's bequest to his favourite coachman just prior to his death in 1764, gave to the world a biscuit which has never been equalled for crispness and quality—
Bath Oliver.

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ORIGINAL
BATH OLIVER
BISCUITS

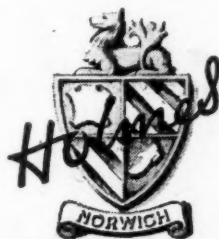


FIFTH AVENUE WOMEN

use FIFTH AVENUE Face Powder-de-luxe for a lasting bloom. Choose silky, clinging FIFTH AVENUE to suit your colouring. Still pre-war quality in six lovely shades: Rachel, Natural, Peach, Banana, Ochre Rose and Suntan a. 5/- a box, including 2/- tax.

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EDWARDS AND HOLMES LTD., NORWICH



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AND THIS WAS THE
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and still is!



1 Choke-shrink . . . Mike isn't practising ju-jitsu. Once this shirt was a fit. Now it's so shrunk-up he has to battle for every breath!



2 Hope-shrink . . . Bob isn't trying to cool off. He bought his shirt oversize to allow for shrinkage—he's hoping to shrink it to fit!

3 Won't-shrink . . . You can be sure your shirts will always be right if they're labelled "Sanforized"—Shrunk. Look for "Sanforized" on shirts, overalls, pyjamas and all washable cottons.

SANFORIZED MADE
Will not shrink out of fit

Look for



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fine fuel,
RONSONOL

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Ronsonol 1/6d. a bottle. Ronson Flints 6d. a packet. Ronson Service Outfit 1/6d.



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**Long hours
without
fatigue**



The very comfort of the modern office chair can be a snare. Long hours seated in a relaxed position bring fatigue and — more serious — sagging and distended organs. Inevitably, indigestion and faulty posture follow. But the man, whom the longest hours of work cannot tire is the man who wears a Linia Belt.

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From £4.4.0 and 3 coupons

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Scotch!*



OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH
Gentle as a Lamb

BEETLE**IMPROVES****PRODUCTS**

Bold though the claim may sound, our heading tells you the simple truth.

Beetle Improves Products because Beetle Resins show their worth in firm partnership with other materials.

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Whether or not your product is spelt with a "P", there's a fair chance that one day Beetle Resins will be giving it a better character.

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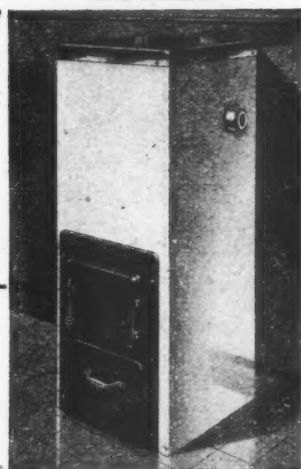
1 ARGYLL STREET • LONDON • W1



The WATTS AUTOMATIC GRAVITY FEED BOILER

HERE'S A NEW
DOMESTIC FUEL SAVER!

Gives constant hot water supply and central heating for small houses from one fire. The Anthracite fuel consumed is no more than the equivalent quantity of soft coal used in an ordinary firegrate, but is sufficient to warm three or four rooms and keep a good supply of hot water at small cost.



ADVANCE
ANNOUNCEMENT
OF A NEW

BROCKHOUSE

PRODUCT

TO BE AVAILABLE SHORTLY

Full particulars from:—

BROCKHOUSE HEATER CO. LTD.
VICTORIA WORKS, HILL TOP, WEST BROMWICH

Telephone: WEDnesbury 0243.

London Office: Morley Hall, 23-26 St. George Street, Hanover Square, London, W.1.
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Partners
in perfection



To cry the virtues of mellow John Cotton to the pipe smoker is painting the lily indeed: but you may not be aware that equally fine tobacco is available to those who prefer a really good cigarette.

★ John Cotton Tobacco Nos. 1 & 2 - 3/2 an oz.
No. 4 - 2/10 an oz.
Empire - 2/8 an oz.
★ No. 1 Cigarettes - 2/8 for 20

JOHN COTTON

A Trusted Tobacco—a Perfect Cigarette

MADE IN EDINBURGH SINCE 1770



1-176-B

For men who prefer
something just a
little better

Silvifix

The hair dressing that
grooms without gumming.
Fixes for 16 hours. Contains
Pure Silvikrin.



THE *Silver Wraith*

"All the controls work beautifully smoothly and easily; it obeys instantly the slightest wish of the driver and it obeys exactly. It has perfect manners. The innate refinement remains unflurried as the speed rises from the thirties to the eighties."

"Autocar," April 5th.

ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED, 14-15, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

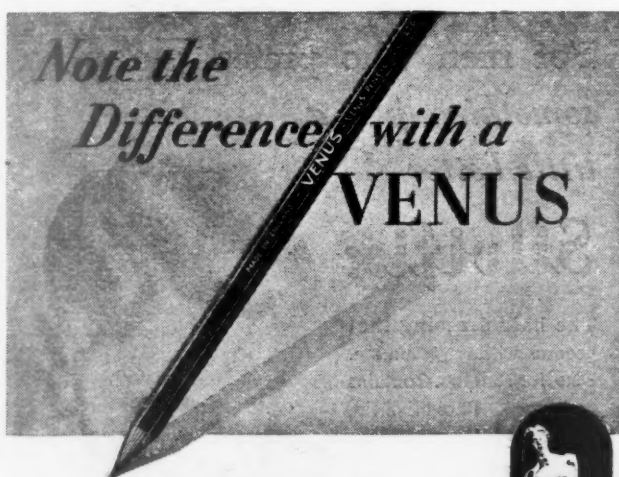


Romance and glamour may seem, these days, a trifle overshadowed, but be assured their sweet dictatorship will sway men's hearts until the end of time just as, with less of mystery, the charm of Minton China will influence those who recognise the truly fine and beautiful.

MINTON

The World's Most Beautiful China

MINTONS LTD • STOKE-UPON-TRENT • EST. 1793



The most important part of a pencil is its lead. A really good one can make all the difference to your work. The quality of the lead in a VENUS is ensured by a special colloidal process. In all the seven grades of the VENUS "War Drawing" you have perfect grading. There are also "Utility" Blacklead, Copying and Coloured pencils. Our famous branded lines of VENUS Pencils will return as soon as conditions permit and restrictions are removed.

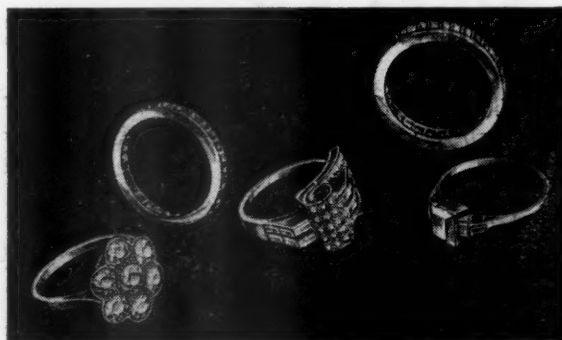


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The World's Perfect Quality PENCIL

THE VENUS PENCIL CO., LTD., LOWER CLAPTON ROAD, LONDON, E.5

Rings



Exclusive design and superb setting characterize the Finnigan range of Engagement, Eternity and Dress Rings always to be seen in the Jewellery Department on the Ground Floor.

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for individual jewellery

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PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXII No. 5535

January 22 1947

Charivaria

A RADIO critic says the B.B.C. only repeats a feature when it has proved its popularity with listeners. We had no idea that the fuel warnings had caught on so well.

"What is the smallest space in which it is possible to keep half a dozen domestic fowls?" asks a correspondent in a poultry journal. Half a dozen bantams' eggs.

A naturalist speaks of certain birds which move their bills quicker than the eye can follow. He should now go along and watch the Government moving some of theirs.

A magnet, six feet in length, was bought recently at an auction sale by a Yorkshire farmer. He has been having trouble, we understand, with needles in his haystacks.



Design for R.S.P.C.A.
Poster

"LARGE BLACK MEN ON
OVER-FAT SHOW PIG."
Heading in "Farmers' Weekly."

We hear of a railway
worker who hopes shortly
to publish a work of
imaginative fiction. A
time-table inspired him.

A man digging on his
land found a Charles II
shilling. He had to hand it over to the Government of
course as a Betterment Charge.

Kashgar, in Chinese Turkestan, is farther from the sea
than any other town in the world. Southend residents
point out that there isn't even a pier.

A man in an American hospital was discovered to have
two hearts. Specialists who listened-in could detect no
traces of a Third Programme.

Mishap at Launching

"The christening ceremony
was performed by Mrs. —, wife
of the skipper-owner, who broke
a bottle on the bow before she
slipped smoothly into the water."
"Fraserburgh Herald."

The director of a muni-
cipal cookery school says
that dishes prepared by
male students generally lack
flavour. Thyme, gentlemen,
please!

"An almost complete black-out descended on parts of Palmer's
Green, London, early last night, owing to electricity cuts. Grocers
with a candle perched only a few inches from their knives, cut bacon.
The cut lasted over 30 minutes."—"East Anglian Daily Times."

Must have been black market stuff.

A provincial reader who has been visiting London
noticed that the palms had disappeared from the lounge
of a well-known West End hotel when he arrived for a
stay there recently. But no doubt they turned up again
in the usual way when he was leaving.



Famous Fellows

THE advice of an ancient philosopher who need not be named here was "Know thyself." But that is a very hard thing to do; and the next best thing is probably to know the names (and addresses) of wise men. We must not suppose that the Brains Trust has a monopoly of them.

There are far more in the world than I had supposed, and they are far more evenly distributed. Without *The World of Learning* which has reached this office from the Europa Publications Ltd., I should not even have guessed that there were as many as a hundred and seventy professors in Guatemala or a hundred in Teheran.

One should know those men, I say, and what is more, they should know each other. They don't. Professor Gilbert Murray, who writes a short preface to *The World of Learning*, admits as much. "Mutual contact and knowledge," he writes, "between the savants of different countries is quite particularly needed, and except in certain sciences it is not often attained . . . Universities are apt to be absorbed in their own work and to know little of one another's specialities or personnel." It is only too true. What do they know of Oxford, Eng., who live in Oxford, Ohio?

I dream myself at a soirée, where all the savants of the world are gathered together. In my dream, because custom would have it so, they all wear spectacles and white beards. All, all are absent-minded and absorbed in their own pursuits. The cocoa and the sandwiches pass rapidly round. The little *bloc* in that corner is formed by two hundred professors of the University of California, and in that by the five hundred envoys from the faculties of Bucharest, Cernauti and Jasi. Iceland and Venezuela hold coyly apart. It is my business to make introductions and promote jollity. I feel awkward. "Professor Amanpore of Iran," I stammer, "I want you to meet Dr. Kooiman of the Netherlands." "Astronomy," I murmur to the one. "Bibliotheek der Landbouwhoogeschool," I whisper to the other. Nervously I whisper it again. But all goes well.

They are pleased to meet. They find they have much in common. Perhaps they have been in correspondence already. So much the better. And then I drag out the rather shy Shaikh 'Abd al-Rahman Hassan, dean, as we often forget, of the faculty of theology at Cairo, and make him known to Dr. Reso Gonzales, who represents Dental Prothesis at the Central University of Venezuela.

They have many a merry laugh.

But this of course is but a vision. It will not come true until the air is safer for travel and all the peace treaties are settled, and there is more food and good faith in the world.

In the meantime there is this book, and if there be any savant who has not received a copy I shall be happy to put him in touch by letter with any other savant on the face of the globe.

Or nearly any other. There are gaps in the continuity of world culture. The Association for the Promotion of Tibetan Culture is conducted, and ably conducted, I feel sure, by Yen Yu Li, of Hsuantanmiao, South Bank, Chungking, but there seem to be no universities at present in Tibet. I should have welcomed a faculty of Greek or even of Parasitology in one or other of the more important lamaseries; and I find no Chair of Philosophy in Abyssinia, Afghanistan, Burma or Siam.

Learned societies as well as Universities are listed in this book. The British Museum is said to hold five million books. A copy of every British newspaper or periodical goes to its

branch at Colindale. A copy of this issue of this paper will go there.

A building estate notice-board some years ago used to charm us with the beautiful blank verse line "The little palaces of Colindale," and I suppose it is in one of these palaces, little or large, that these words of mine will secure their everlasting home. The place is too seldom visited, and those who seek it usually find that they have been taken to Barnet or Mill Hill.

But I shall not be satisfied until a copy of every book and every periodical that is published anywhere goes to every country in the world, and every country has a place in which to store them, and a band of diligent bright-eyed students to read them through and through.

That should increase the number of lecturers. That should swell the roll of deans of faculties. The Lenin State Library at Moscow has ten million books. It should have more. There should be a University of Patagonia. There should be a School of Thaumaturgy at Lagos. I should like to see the dog-packs taking a Professor on his Chair of Comparative Philology to the igloos of the Esquimaux. My view stretches beyond the confines of this narrow, though well-meaning work. The Institute of Psychology at Nanking "since 1937 has been engaged in an experimental analysis of the physiological processes underlying the behaviour of amphibians." It should widen the scope of its labours. Why, even in America itself there are only twenty-eight professors at the University of Nevada, and though there is a faculty of Animal Husbandry there is none of Greek. None even, as there is at Guatemala, of Stomatological History, nor of Moral Science as there is at Teheran.

We need more co-ordination, more correspondence, more interplay of the sciences and the arts. And when the day dawns, or rather when the dark falls for my great soirée of the wise men of the world, what a soirée it will be.

"This is the Regius Professor of Atomic Energy in the State University of Samoa, who is tremendously interested in newts . . ."

We shall need a room rather bigger than the Albert Hall.
EVOE.

To Corinna: Upon Her Nylons

[Coupon rate for "no-seam" nylon stockings will be increased from one-and-a-half to three per pair on Monday week. Other coupon changes include: collars, men's and boys', from one to half each.—Daily paper].

NOW, with the rising daye, put on
Thy silken liquefaction;
But chief, Corinna, rise and trym
With nylon grace each shapely limb;
And if thy lawfull pledges run
Too fast away, at two for one,
Then I, to play the lover's part,
Will give thee (with my wishfull heart)
For each unseam'd, unfashion'd paire
The triple halfe thou canst not spare;
Nor will my tender love complaine,
Since what thou locest I shall gaine.
Thy ankle, 'neath thy petticoat,
Shall balance just my kercheft throat,
And in our dear exchange shall be
No loss, but love's equality.



THE COMPLEAT MANGLER



"Please, Mummie, can Robert have just one more ice for the road?"

The Baroness Corners Me Again.

IT is years since I last saw the Baroness and I can't say that her absence has greatly depressed me. In fact it was with a feeling almost of physical nausea that I heard her unmistakable greeting as I was hurrying through some distinctly feminine department of a well-known store.

"Hola!" she cried, in a voice that brought three assistants running. "I see him then. He would give me the by-blow again, my old friend, eh? With so much haste he goes."

"Go-by, Baroness," I said, reddening. "Go-by. Where have you been all these years?"

We were on opposite sides of a display-counter, facing each other across a zarefa of flimsy underwear. Any barrier is better than none, where the Baroness is concerned, but this was not the kind I should have chosen.

"It is much time, yes. First I am in Spain. Then, hey pronto! to Paris, where I am so cold. After for many months I kick up my heels in America. I do not wish to stay, but there is no boat. Always it is next wick they will take me—and next wick, and next wick. But *this* wick—oh, no, no. I am so *sorry*. We 'ave no room. For *me*! I am so gross, perhaps? Am I so gross then about my waist, my old friend, that they will not take me?"

I looked away. One does not like to be unchivalrous, but with a woman so implacably convinced as the Baroness that every man she meets is instantly fascinated it is as well to take no chances. She spends her life repelling advances that even a High Command communiqué would hardly detect as such.

"But you got away all right in the end?" I asked, just to say something.

Her indescribable laugh rang out, and all over the department women shoppers stiffened in their tracks and stood like startled hinds, questioning the breeze.

"Oh!" she cried gaily. "At the last I make lof to a man—he is a big man in the Marine, you understand?—and he squeeze me in a tiny cabin. But it was punch and go."

I could well believe it.

"Well," I said. "It is nice to have seen you again—"

But the Baroness was not listening. She had swept aside a tenuous garment that partially blocked her view and was regarding me in a way that filled me with disquiet. I am not a big man in the Marine, you understand.

"Where is he?" she cried abruptly. "The little fair one—what have you done with him?"

I could not make head or tail of this.

"When we danced together, so much time ago, he was there. But already you have forgot that we danced. Bad man!" said the Baroness shaking her finger with terrible roguishness—"it is all forgot, yes?"

I shook my head. I had forgotten neither that we danced nor how we danced, and a strong shudder rocked me from head to foot.

"So? That is kind! He has not forgot. But the little moustache then—where is he?"

I have never worn a moustache and said so.

The Baroness promptly appealed to an assistant. "This gentleman," she said, "did you not like him more well with the little fair moustache? There was a style then. He had the air."

Be sure I needed it.

"Well, really, madam," said the girl, giggling. "I couldn't say, I'm sure."

"Aha!" said the Baroness, looking keenly from one to the other of us. "There are blushes on both hands. In my country we have a saying—"

"My dear Baroness," I broke in desperately, for the sayings of her country are, in my experience, unsuited to any well-known store, "you are mixing me up with somebody else. I assure you I have never had a moustache of any kind. After all, it is a long time now—"

"It is long," she agreed, "but I remember all. How we meet, how we dance. The band is lofty. Then we go to eat, you and I. It is delicious! There is som trifling at supper."

"There was trifle, yes," I said, conscious of many eager listeners.

"So. There is trifling on your moustache. See how I am in the clear about all."

"But you are *not* in the clear, Baroness," I said angrily. "I didn't have any trifle—"

"Bad boy!"

"—I had to leave, as a matter of fact, the moment you began to eat yours. Don't you remember that? And as I was going I introduced you to my C.O., a colonel—"

A shadow passed over her face.

"He had a moustache then, this colonel?"

"Yes," I said. "A fair one."

"Then it was not you," she began thoughtfully, "who—"

"No," I said.

"And after, when we—"

"No, no," I said again. "It was he." I was sorry to have to make so free with my old colonel's reputation, but if there *had* been any trifling with his moustache, or on it, I was blown if I was going to wear it.

"So!" she cried with mock anger. "You have led me along, bad man!" And she actually, I regret to say, took a playful swipe at me with the silken affair she was still holding.

"Is madame taking that article?" interposed a voice, polite but firm; and taking advantage of the momentary diversion of the Baroness's attention I rapidly took my hat, and myself, off—an interesting example of syllepsis and cowardice combined.

But it was punch and go, all right.

H. F. E.

As I Was Saying Before You Fell Down . . .

THE mountains are beautiful. The journey is long. It has not been a good year for snow.

Later in the year it would only be a matter of a few moments to reach an admirable slope for beginners. As it is, at the top of the valley . . .

Admittedly the path is precipitous, but is not the view magnificent?

It is advisable not to admire the scene for too long. When the body is overheated a chill may easily ensue.

Only another half an hour now. The slope lies just under the further peak. Already the snow is more thick.

Yes, naturally the path is more slippery. If it is only a bruise it is advisable to walk on more quickly. Thus is stiffness of the limb avoided.

No, the young man they are carrying down is not dead. It can be assumed that none of the accidents here during the last few days have been fatal.

Here are the slopes. See how they glisten in the sun. See how the skiers already here disport themselves. It is most popular. Some are expert, some—see, they pick themselves up with a merry laugh.

It is necessary to ensure that all the fastenings are tight, otherwise mishaps

may occur. It is a mistake to think that the circulation of the blood in the foot will be impeded. The shape of the foot is very adaptable.

It is necessary to place the feet one slightly in front of the other. . . . It is also necessary not to cross the skis. The movement of each muscle in the thigh and leg should be co-ordinated.

It is true that there are many muscles in the thigh and leg.

If you will get up and try again . . .

To mount the slope it is necessary either to place the skis at right angles to each other or to proceed sideways. The two methods are alternate and should not be attempted together.

The skis should be on the ground before an attempt is made to rise.

It is advisable to avoid the rocks. Later in the year of course they will be covered with snow.

The sticks carried in the hands are also for directing the course, not only for assistance in regaining the feet.

Embrocation freely applied later in the day will reduce most of the inflammation and discoloration by the end of the week. It is quite certain that the shape of the face will not be permanently affected.

You are too kind, but I do not care

to accept an excessive payment to conclude the lesson before its appointed time. It will be appreciated that it is of course a matter of honour. If you will be good enough to mount the slope again . . .

Admittedly the young lady was excessively annoyed, but you will appreciate that in the collision the point of your ski did destroy a large portion of the seating of her trousers.

The swaying movements of the body should not be allowed to escape from control.

If the gentleman will make one more attempt . . . ? Do not overlook that boulder near the bottom.

Gently, gently, he is regaining consciousness. But assuredly he will be able to walk again, later in the year.

Only another two miles. See how the snow glistens in the sun. Not that this year has been a good year for snow. Next year perhaps it would be advisable to come a little later . . .

As you say, if at all.

Other-Cheek Corner

"Light Lorry Wanted in exchange for good Smack.—52 Durham Street, Hartlepool."—*Advt. in Northern paper.*



"... And when it does come, please hurry—we close in ten minutes."

New Blood on the Line

THE fog had persisted for three days. Now it was thicker than ever, and in the late afternoon it had the hue of greengages.

Normally the train from Oxthwaite to Packbridge serpents through the fells in forty minutes. On this occasion it took three hours. It stood in Oxthwaite Station almost an hour before starting, owing, we learned, to the fireman having been taken ill. We were waiting for the first procurable deputy.

I was one of those languishing in the luke-cold atmosphere of the compartment next to the engine. Still, the heat was beginning to come through, according to a purist who had been under the seating to investigate. Then the door was flung open and a man outside bestowed upon us a look of

extreme malevolence. He had a dark scrubby chin and a nose the colour of a rear-light. He wore dingy overalls and a cloth cap.

"Now I'll not be messed about much more," he warned us. "Where is this injun? Everybody keeps telling me to get on it, but nobody tells me where it is."

The entire compartment informed him that it was only next door. Irascibly slamming the door, he departed. We heard the driver greet him and the train started. It attained a good speed considering the density of the fog, but shortly after we left the town there was a metallic clang. The train stopped.

"What now?" we heard the driver ask.

"I've dropped t' shovel," came the tones of the deputy.

"Dropped t' shovel?"

"Aye."

"What made thee drop t' shovel?"

"It slipped under me arm."

"Well, there's naught else for it only walking back for t' shovel."

"What—in this! Can't I throw t' coal on with me 'ands? There's a lot o' lumps."

"Not likely! I'm responsible for that shovel."

We heard the sound of someone dropping to the track.

"Keep close to t' train," the driver advised. "And don't turn round much or tha'll not know which end we're at."

We leaned back, thinking of hot meals awaiting us, and our loving wives, but it was almost half an hour before the deputy returned.

"It's took thee a long time," the driver reproved.

"I'll say it 'as. I wouldn't ha' been back yet but for that woman."

"What woman?"

"Her at t' farm."

"Farm?"

"She said it were a farm. She fetched me back to t' railway lines with a lamp."

"Where's t' shovel?"

"I think 'tis this."

"Think! What makes thee only think?"

"Becos I fell o'er it coming back. And when I held it up to t' lights I couldn't see through it, so I knew it were a shovel, not a blinkin' fork."

The voices trailed away and the train started. But before very long it stopped again and we overheard a second conversation.

"I can't see this," the driver declared. "Tha'll have to climb up it."

"Climb up what?"

"That signal. Is it aggen us?"

Presently a voice came from overhead.

"It's no arm on."

"No what?"

"No arm. That thing as sticks out. There's only a bare stump at t' top."

"Bless me life and soul! Tha's climbed up t' new 'un."

"I've what?"

"Climbed up t' new 'un. They're putting new signal up here. 'Tisn't in use yet. Th' old 'un's a yard or two farther on."

"This is a ruddy fine time to tell me. It's t' last I go up, remember. If there's a third tha goes up thizelf."

There was a silence and then the deputy was heard once more from aloft.

"It's aggen us. Th' arm's straight out."

"I thought 'twould be."

Presently: "Do I stop up 'ere till morning, or what?"

"Come down and hang t' bucket on t' weight."

"'Ang it on what?"

"T' signal weight. Then, when t' signalman pulls off, t' weight'll move and t' bucket'll drop."

Time passed and at length we heard the bucket fall, but the train did not move. We heard the driver again.

"Where are you?"

"Down 'ere," came the faint reply.

"What are tha doing down there?"

"T' bucket's fell down th' embankment . . ."

Thereafter we proceeded slowly to Packbridge. As we left the compartment a conversation was proceeding.

"I thought tha shaped wooden from t' first," the driver was saying. "It still seems daft to me, though."

"Lissen. They sent me from t' Labour to t' Post Office this afternoon. I hadn't been there a minute afore they told me to get up to t' railway station as t' driver wanted a lift."

"But it weren't me they meant. It were t' driver of that red post-office van. It's shifting mail-bags; they're behind because of t' fog."

"Aye, and after this they'll be behind for evermore as far as I'm concern't . . ."

Smiling

I FOUND Sympson standing in front of a mirror and contorting his face horribly. When he grasped the fact that he was no longer alone he turned towards me, still with his face curiously twisted, and said: "Would you call this a charming smile?"

I took another look at him and then shook my head.

"I would not," I said.

He sighed. "Political life is a much more complicated business than people generally suppose," he explained. "My constituency agent was round here last night, and I could see at once that he had something on his mind. He gossiped for a bit about the apathy of the electorate and all the usual subjects, and then he asked me if I minded taking a hint. I naturally told him that I should be pleased to take a hint, although it is not a thing I like doing as a rule, and then he said that he had heard me compared unfavourably with the previous prospective candidate, in one particular way. Jogson was his name, and apparently he had a delightfully charming smile. Here is his last election address with his picture on the cover."

He handed me the document, and I could see at once what the agent meant. Jogson's face, taken as a face purely and simply, was not much better than Sympson's, but he certainly had just the right kind of smile for the cover of

an election address. It was pleasant without being silly, and kindly without being soft, and good-humoured without being comic.

"If it were merely a matter of copying Jogson's smile exactly as it appears in the picture," said Sympson, "I have no doubt it could be accomplished with time and patience, but the agent gave me a long lecture about smiling, and he says that it is absolutely essential for a candidate to have the right sort of smile for every occasion. The one shown in the picture he calls the Reposeful Smile, and is for general use. Then there is what he calls the Appreciative Smile."

"When do you use that?" I asked.

"When you are sitting on the platform waiting for your turn to speak, and the chairman is talking about you. According to the agent I have been in the habit of adopting an expression of hopeless despair on these occasions. He wants me always to smile right through the chairman's speech, showing that I am drinking in every word and that I am delighted with his flattering remarks about me and deeply appreciative of his eloquent explanation of the party's programme. Then there is the Doubtful Smile."

"What's that for?"

"It has to be turned on when a supporter gets up in the body of the hall and expounds views with which you do not agree. It is necessary

subtly to convey your disapproval of the sentiments, but at the same time to make it clear that you have great respect for the speaker. Then of course there is the Knowing Smile. This is needed when somebody asks you a question that you cannot answer, so you adopt the Knowing Smile and say that you have to rush away to another meeting, but that you will answer the question at some future date. For an even more baffling question that you feel certain you will never be able to answer at all you have to adopt the Mysterious Smile, and say that in view of our present delicate relations with a certain Power you must remain silent."

I stayed with Sympson for nearly an hour while he tried to produce the various types of smiles for my benefit. The result was not encouraging, although he had no difficulty in producing the Fatuous Smile, the Vacant Smile, the Nervous Smile, and one effect so abominably ingratiating that we felt obliged to label it the Unctuous Leer.

In the end Sympson decided that the blame lay with his lower dentures, which were provided for him by a grateful Government during his Army service, and are a size too small. By padding his cheeks with cotton-wool he produced a rather better effect, and when I left him he was getting his face ready for a post-election Winning Smile.

An Innocent at Large

XVI—Liberty in the Modern State

I HAVE been spending quite a lot of time lately in front of my mirror, looking for those tell-tale lines of regimentation, bureaucracy, frustration and victimization which most Americans claim they can see all over my semi-nourished frame. It has been a somewhat disconcerting experience. The main-drainage lines of the face have deepened and a tracery of secondary channels and



Minor celebration, Fifth Avenue

runnels has been scored by the heavy hand of Time. A wit in Washington tells me that I shall never get the bags under my eyes through the Customs.

It is all very grim. But if I am honestly introspective I cannot possibly attribute these new blemishes to the ravages of regimentation, bureaucracy, etc. No, my American friends are quite wrong. They seem to regard me as a sort of Government-controlled robot so regimented that I eat only in moderation even in their land of plenty, so riddled with bureaucracy that I fill up hotel registration forms with laughable accuracy, so frustrated that I dare not express my personality with an American tie, and so victimized that I would rather pay a taxi-driver much too much than shoot it out with him. They (some of my friends, remember) regard my more sober utterances as Whitehall-inspired propaganda, and they are quite sure we are all under Mr. Laski's thumb and the threat of the forced labour camp.

Well, maybe we are—I've been away so long I wouldn't know. But how about Uncle Sam looking into the mirror for a moment? See those furrows in the cheeks, Sam? Just a touch of regimentation there, I swear. It comes,

I think, of not being allowed to smoke in cinemas, theatres, pullman coaches, buses, subways, department stores and many other annexes of commerce; of having to pay purchase-taxes on everything you buy and to keep a supply of fugitive pennies in your pocket for the purpose; of being forbidden, you poor conscripted pedestrian, to stand on the steps of your hotel, to cross a street except at an appointed place and an appropriate signal (and getting knocked down all the same), or to stand and stare on the sidewalk; of having to drink anything and everything in some states, nothing in others, anything in others except on Sundays, nothing in others but beer . . .

And those crow's-feet about your eyes, sir: can it be that you have too much paper work to do? I find that I can get at nothing here without first peeling off endless irritating wrappers of Cellophane and tissue. I stumble along in a sea of ticker-tape. The sugar for my breakfast cereal comes in a little paper bag, gummed tight; the sugar for my coffee is a cube in swaddling-bands. I am forever demanding, losing; paying or forgetting those little punched tickets which you call checks, in drugstores, department stores, everywhere. There is an element of frustration in all this and it leaves its mark on nerves and looks.

It seems to me that you have to put up with more delay and inconvenience to get a bit of news or entertainment than the most rabid British bureaucrat would stomach. Is there a doctrinaire in the house? Your newspapers tax your physical strength and nervous energy by their size, weight and exasperating distribution of reading-matter: your radio consists of bright intervals in a dreary, day-long sing-song of advertisements. I have watched you moving



"... from bush to bush . . ."

furtively through Central Park of a Sunday morning, staggering shamefacedly from bush to bush and jettisoning one by one the burdensome sections of your newspaper. And I have studied that awful look of dull resignation

which settles in your eyes whenever the "Wita Washo" Trio begins its radio beguilements.

Even more sad, sir, is the way you have sacrificed your liberty in giving effect to the noble ideal of female emancipation. What have you done? You have invented houses and flats which almost run themselves, so that your womenfolk must look elsewhere for exercise and distractions. Co-education, films, the blatant onrush of advertising and the breakdown of old and fusty codes of morality have all helped to rend the veils of mystery and modesty between



New York, rough stuff.

the sexes. But woman does not like the new order and is mending and patching those veils as hard as she can go. She wants you to be tough and rudely male, so she decks you out in brilliant male plumage, buys you those abominably gaudy ties and prospectors' shirts. Then she rushes off to Abercrombie and Fitch and equips you with guns, fishing-tackle and other aids to week-end masculinity. In other words, sir, you are being pushed around as never before, a victim of the awful regimentation of woman. And if you think this analysis unsound, if you protest that you do in fact like those ties and your trips to the Adirondacks, remember that the ways of women are deep and cunning.

Take another peek in that mirror. Do you see any threads of dark brown in your beard? Not yet, perhaps, but it won't be long now. Either that or it will have to come off altogether. And that hat of yours—much too formal! Toppers are all right for decadent, sedentary types. What you'll need, I shouldn't wonder, is a ten-gallon stetson.

I hope you don't mind my saying all this. You see, things are so different in Britain. Our women don't give a damn what we wear so long as it's nothing new. We can smoke anywhere at any time if we can scrounge a cigarette, and we could drink anything and everything to our heart's content if it were available. We have no fuss and bother about fancy wrappings: direct sales and good old-fashioned hustle are more in our line. We go into a shop and we're

out again in next to no time. True, we may not have bought anything, but think of the time we save! Our newspapers are lightweights, terribly easy to discard, and all the dirty, nerve-racking news is collected on one page so that we may ignore it more easily. How different are your journals where worries and woes are encountered as dribbles on every page!

Then, our radio. No advertising! Think of that. We can switch off at any time absolutely confident that the programmes we are missing do not contain one scrap of sponsored material. We are the luckiest people, we really are.

"But isn't it true," asked somebody in Baltimore, "that while the people of Britain are starving the Government compels manufacturers to export more than ever before? And isn't it true again that thousands of people are emigrating every week because life in Britain has become so unbearably dull and unenterprising?"

I hope the replies I gave meet with official approval. I said that some people are emigrating because they are no longer British subjects in substance. For six or more years they have consumed vast quantities of American and other foodstuffs. Rich American vitamins and things have been pumped day after day into their bloodstreams and by now more than fifty per cent. of their corpuscles are of alien origin. The patient suffers a subconscious agitation of the nationality. He becomes irritable; his speech becomes slightly nasal; he gets a loud neck-tie fixation, prefers coffee to tea and starts muttering about suspenders when he means braces. He does not emigrate: he repatriates himself.

Then there are a few emigrants, I said, under the Board of Trade's Provision for Exports Order (Artificial Agencies Division) Sc. 48A., T & O, 1549843 (1945). These people are sent out to countries in the hard currency area with instructions to become ardent importers of British goods. The ruse smacks just a little, I suppose, of dumping, but otherwise has much to commend it. Faced with the possibility of an American slump in 1948 or '49 and with Admiral Byrd more or less monopolizing Antarctica, what other avenues are there left for us to explore?

* * * * *

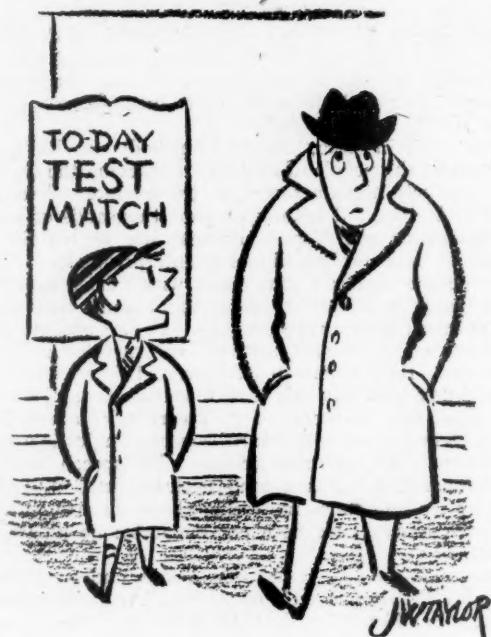
Apologies in profusion to the New York *Post* and the New York *Daily News*. In my report on "Manhattan at Work and Play" (Nov. 6, 1946) I ascribed a pictorial hippopotamus, "neatly marked out for the butcher's knife," to the *Daily News* instead of the *Post*.
HOD.

Limblex Ex-Service Men

THE British Limblex Ex-Service Men's Association exists to help and advise in every way all who have lost limb or eye as a result of service in His Majesty's Forces. We are asked to remind our readers of the *BLESMA Handbook for the Guidance of Limblex War Pensioners*, which contains a wealth of useful information on pensions and allowances and the general entitlements and privileges of the war limblex; it covers all recent changes and improvements.

The Handbook can be obtained, free and post free, on application to The British Limblex Ex-Service Men's Association, 37 Anson Road, Victoria Park, Manchester, 14.

NEWSREEL CIN



"In any case, from the end of a row you were in no POSITION to appeal."

A Report on Clocks

INTRODUCTION

THERE are four clocks in this house. They are (a) chromium, (b) tin painted white, (c) pink lustre and (d) a wrist watch. Apart from (b) they sound a classy lot, but they are described fully below, when it will be seen that (b) is well up to standard, though not so clean as the word "white" suggests.

Every kindness is shown to our clocks. They are always being wound up and are given the run of the house. They tend, though, to stick together, moving from room to room in a batch, except when one is being carried round like a wrist watch. The wrist watch itself is static, like a clock.

Each clock is equipped with figures and at least two hands. All have glass. None is tied up with string yet.

DESCRIPTION OF CLOCKS

Chromium. The chromium in this clock is confined to the rim. The back is a dull metal cylinder. The front is square. The hands and dots are faintly luminous. Everything suggests that once it had a leather case, but not in this household, which it entered in exchange for our spare tin alarm, the offerer of the chromium clock apparently thinking that homely worth would outlast glitter. In this instance it did not. The tin clock folded up almost immediately (the swopper still feels bad about this) and the

chromium clock went for a year before the spring broke, or rather fell, when the back was taken off, into half-inch lengths. The clock was put aside for another year and then mended, with the result that the winding-handle, non-existent before, wore loose and dropped off. As the eyebrow-tweezers used on the stump in the past had lost their grip we now had to use pliers, which bit it off to the level of the back. The back takes off easily (see above) so that it is simple, as things go in this house, to unscrew it every night and wind the remainder of the stump with the pliers. The stump gets shorter and shorter, but we in this household do not take our fences before we come to them. When the back is off, the alarm spring, which has to be wound tight to get the back off, uncoils with a snap and makes it a bit of a struggle to get the back on again. The back does up with a screw too small to twiddle and too near the alarm lever to get hold of. This is trying at the end of a difficult day.

The alarm situation is dealt with under a separate heading, but I must say here that when the alarm of this clock goes off during the day the whole clock, if standing on a polished surface, rotates very slowly in a wide arc.

Tin Painted White. This clock was once red, as the chips in the white paint show. The white paint was once white but is now yellow, and the brush-marks give it a corrugated look and act as a dust-trap. The alarm is the old bell-and-clapper type, and there was a rusty loop on top of the bell, but it came off and the finder, after brooding for a few seconds, threw it away.

This clock is, the face says, non-ticking, which means that by day it appears to have stopped even when it has not (or had not until someone picked it up to see if it had) but that in the comparative silence of the night it beats any bunch of clocks by the bed of the getter-up (as I will call the member of this household who gets up first). It is non-ticking in the sense that it does not sound like a clock. It sounds like two mallets, one wrapped in thin felt, being beaten on a stone.

This is the only clock known even to this household that can whang its way through the night and in the morning show no change in the position of either hand. It has fine big figures and, being tin, commands some respect.

Pink Lustre. This has very small figures. The whole clock is small. It is tiny, squat and vicious. Its handle, permanently jammed down for fear the alarm should go off, gives it the look of a donkey with its ears laid back. This crazy affair has not kept any time to speak of for twenty years, when a member of this household spent its all on what it thought was the last word in clocks; which it is. It was recently dug out and mended—that shows you what a state we are in—and pressed into service with the other alarm-clocks, but thrown out because it made no contribution whatever beyond recording what time the getter-up went to bed.

The lustre, by the way, is the patina of age. Its owner does not remember any lustre in the old days, but says that the whole clock was a prettier pink and seemed happier.

Wrist Watch. A surprisingly normal piece of work. It has a chromium case, unbreakable glass and a pigskin strap. The face collects dirt, but not much. Altogether it is a fine watch. What is perhaps not normal is not the fact that it stopped suddenly but that it did so on a day when one clock was at the mender's and two were waiting to go. This argues a mysterious communication between timepiece and timepiece which we in this household have long suspected.

(Readers of this report may be amazed that we know a



"Mr. Simpson's, wasn't it? Well, don't forget to advise him that his account is overdrawn."

clock-mender. Of course we know a clock-mender. If we didn't we should have bought a new clock by now and I shouldn't be writing all this.)

So much for the individual clocks.

THE SITUATION

Timekeeping Situation. All the clocks except the watch go when you wind them. The chromium clock goes longest on the whole, lasting about twenty-two hours at present but stopping a little earlier each evening. Its real trouble is that having the hands and dots luminous, and being square, the time it tells in the dark depends entirely on which way up it is put back after being snatched from the bedside-table and held six inches from the getter-up's eyes—a necessary measure because the luminosity is so faint. The tin clock goes for several hours at a stretch, but, as I was saying, stops when picked up, and is picked up too often. The pink lustre clock, which stands on a dressing-table except when it gets caught up in the rush, ticks for a few seconds when anyone shuts a drawer.

The accuracy of our clocks is difficult to assess. The watch is the most reliable because it never goes at all. The chromium clock went well before it was mended and then lost a lot until we found we had pushed the regulator right over to Slow to make it faster. As we only found this yesterday it is early to say how much it still loses when pushed over to Fast. The tin clock is put right by the wireless when it is restarted, which does not give it a chance to gain more than ten minutes. In fact we set the chromium clock by this clock, which would explain why the chromium clock was always fast but not why it is always slow. The pink lustre clock sometimes ticks on for half an hour and shows itself capable of keeping quite good time, perhaps because it does not overtire itself.

To sum it up, the timekeeping situation is bad but not hopeless. Either the chromium clock or the tin clock will

still be going in the morning. If one is going, the getter-up has a clear if wrong idea of the time. If both are going, the getter-up's idea of the time is not so clear but no less wrong.

Alarm Situation. The alarm situation would be brighter if our clocks went off at the time they are set for, but what can even this household do when the chromium clock goes off hours before and the tin clock not at all? At least, so the getter-up says. The curious fact that this alarm goes off every evening suggests that the getter-up has been winding at the key to test it. The chromium clock, as I hinted, goes off any old time by day and very early in the morning at night. The pink lustre clock, left alone for long stretches of the day, sometimes rings its little alarm to cheer itself up. No one knows whether it has to start ticking to do this, but probably not, because the alarm hand is set for an hour that this clock, in its short bursts of activity, has not achieved.

But the test of the alarm situation is whether there is an alarm capable of waking the getter-up. There is. The getter-up has only to reset the chromium clock and get it the right side up again to be woken at roughly the right time. The alarm situation may be summed up as hopeless for the getter-up, but otherwise fine.

CONCLUSION

It will be appropriate to the subject if this report now stops.

o o

Culture be Blowed!

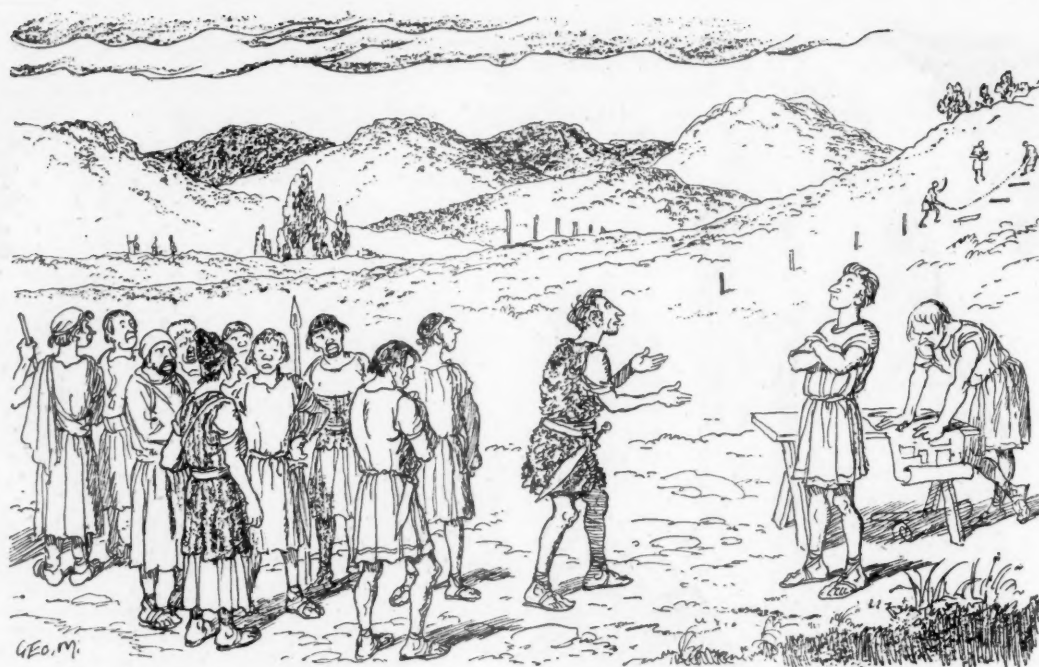
"Fine old violin, bow and case, £4.10.0. Would exchange hornless nanny goat."—"The Exchange and Mart."



"Thank you, gentlemen. The Organist Selection Board will announce its decision in due course."



A TIRESOME TURN



"Satellite town here, Romulus?—why, it's nothing but seven hills!"

My Cellar Book

THE gentle melancholy with which the lover of good wine turns the reminiscent leaves of his cellar book is compounded of regrets for past glories and the memories of great vintages and golden years.

My cellar-book goes back to 1930. I opened it when I laid down a half-dozen of Macgilligoody's Extra Ferruginous Tonic Wine (bottled in Blackfriars Road in 1929). I picked up the half-dozen for a mere song at the local chemist's annual sale, but they gave pleasure far out of proportion to what I paid for them. I had a bottle up when the manager of my department came to dinner, and served it with the Irish stew. Unfortunately the manager had to leave before the bottle was finished, but I could tell from the slow and reverent way in which he consumed it that my judgment had been fundamentally sound. He agreed with me that although it still showed traces of a certain juvenility, it was pregnant with possibilities. I had the last bottle up only last year when my wife was recovering from a bad cold. It had lived up to its early promise

and fully justified the confidence I had placed in it.

Parsnip wine I always regard as generous but rather frolicsome, always ready to play merry little pranks on you, but completely without malice. It is perhaps the best "all purpose" wine of all our native vintages. The best years in the 1930s were 1932, 1936, and of course the glorious 1938. I had a dozen of 1932 (bottled by my mother after six weeks in the copper). Unfortunately three bottles blew their corks in the first six months, but the remainder gave much pleasure to my friends and myself; perhaps, I might almost say, too much pleasure.

We had two magnums of the noble '38 vintage for the committee of the Working Men's Club on the occasion of a recent whist drive and dance. The wine was then "in perfection," friendly on the nose, generous on the palate, but insidious on the gait. A bottle my wife and I shared the night we had a flying bomb at the end of the road led to our removal, somewhat erroneously, as casualties suffering from acute "battle exhaustion." We have just drunk the last bottle, and I was

unable to restrain myself from wondering whether we should ever see its like again. These suspicions are partly based on the fact that my mother is beginning to doubt if her wine is strictly non-alcoholic.

Many consider that in rhubarb wine our native vintages have achieved their choicest flowering. The richness of its velvet texture and the full flamboyancy of its bouquet have endeared it to generations of wine-lovers. I had some choice years in my cellar, but unfortunately the wine does not travel well, and we have had to move four times in the last eighteen months.

As all wine-lovers know, the severe attacks on the rhubarb plants by wireworm in the middle twenties had a disastrous effect on the output of rhubarb wine. The wireworm troubles are now largely over, and there have been some very good years in the "post wireworm" period. Memories of the famous "Coronation" vintage are with us yet. There were unfortunately no good years during the war; the labour shortage, coupled with the rationing of sugar, made things very difficult for the *Vignerons*. My

sister-in-law, whose wine was adjudged a "first growth" at the Flower Show, 1931, always relied on my brother to turn the mangle by which the fruit was crushed. Naturally, with my brother in the Army, the burden of turning the mangle fell entirely upon my sister-in-law herself. As a result the output for the war years was small in quantity and, owing to the scarcity of sugar, deficient in quality.

At my suggestion we used the whole of the 1944 output as a basis for a fortified wine, produced by blending the native product with two or three bottles of an interesting liquor known, I believe, as "potheen," very graciously presented by some American soldiers as a mark of appreciation for hospitality they had received. The resulting blend, which I named "potbarb," suffered from immaturity, since the donors of the "potheen" insisted on drinking the blend almost before I had entered the bottles in my cellar book. I like to think that this interesting blend strengthened them in their liberating mission, but we have lost touch with them, as we have with so many of our dear friends with whom we have shared a bottle of wine at one time or another.

Passing Strange

JAMES chased the final crumb of cheese to the edge of his plate, emptied his tankard and called for the bill. It was this last action that weighed with me most.

"If you've half an hour to spare," he said, "I'd be glad of your help."

"I really ought to get back," I muttered, "and just now I'm not in the mood for haggling over snuff-boxes or meeting a man who knows a man who—"

"It's nothing like that. It's a practical experiment to do with my novel."

"Oh, your novel. How is Lady Honoria Trimm?"

"As comfortable as can be expected. She's having a baby on page 105 and is reading about the Pre-Raphaelites with her feet up for the next three or four chapters. What I'm working on in the meantime is her brother Edward's proposal. I believe I've found a brand-new location for this, on two passing escalators."

"Well?" I asked.

"It's vitally important to get the timing right."

"Why?"

"Because whatever I put in a novel

a hundred lunatics with minds like cheap alarm-clocks chip in from the steam-room at Harrogate and the forests of Assam to say it's impossible. This time all the answers are going to be ready."

"I can't see it matters."

"I didn't expect you would. Now all I want from you is to jump on the up escalator when I jump on the down and impersonate a smashing brunette called Anastasia de Grotchkin. As we pass I shall say my piece across the L.P.T.B. mahogany, and all you have to do is reply: 'Sir, you forget I am a de Grotchkin. You shall hear from my brother!' The question is, can it all be fitted in, or must I cut?"

"Why must I be so idiotically haughty?"

"It's a longish story," said James, handing me a small cigar. "You see, this Edward is an impulsive lad, not much liked. He lost two fingers leading his college side in the stool-ball game against Girton, he lost all his money looking for pirate gold in the Pacific, in fact he's led a thoroughly dangerous and reckless life. Anastasia he ran into playing the zither in an absinthe-dive in Cannes. He followed her to a similar outfit in Budapest, he trailed her all over the Balkans, diving all the time, but whenever he had her nicely teed up for a proposal there was always some act of God and the girl got away. Floods, fires, famines, germs, gunmen. I could give you all the details—"

"Skip them," I urged.

"Anastasia doesn't really like Edward. He's lost touch with her completely, but now suddenly he sees her coming up on the other escalator. You see what a whale of a situation it is?"

"I'll buy it," I said wearily, so we took a taxi to Leicester Square Tube station, where escalators abound. James bought two tickets and we parted, fighting our way through a dense wall of citizens. On my way up I took a stance on the inside, and turned to find James waving madly as he bore down towards me.

"Anastasia!" he cried, sweeping his hat into the eye of the man next to him. "My darling! Where, oh where, have you been? Have you forgotten those happy days munching *apfel-strudel* in the Zoo at Przmysl? I love you, Anastasia! Won't you marry me?"

By this time he was rather more than broadside on, and I suppose I had still three seconds in which to play my part. But something died inside me at that moment. I was fond of James, I had no wish to let him down, but the

best I could do was to bubble and hiccup in a quite meaningless way. The whole incident seemed to leave a queer impression on the parties round, who could be heard murmuring above the rumble of the machinery. A little damped, I crossed over to the down escalator and started off again. I noted James was coming up. This time, however, he was out of love.

"Trust you to put up a black!" he roared in passing. "You always were a thundering great oaf. You always will be!"

"Sir, you forget I am a de Grotchkin. You shall hear from my brother!" I replied firmly. An old gentleman standing below me looked interested to hear this. I decided to give James one more chance, and seeing him mounting the down escalator I got on the up. As he approached he smiled forgivingly.

"Anastasia!" he cried, and said his lines as passionately as before. It was just then I spotted my Aunt Emily directly behind him. She and I had not spoken since a noisy row over a dog ten years ago, but ten years are big enough to swallow a toy poodle and though she was fully four-fifths gorgon I was fond of the old trout.

"Aunt Emily!" I shouted, looking necessarily right through James. "How are you? Is it true Agatha has done it again?"

James swung round in a fury and his elbow caught Aunt Emily in the mouth. She was by no means the woman to take this lying down, and she hit James a powerful crack on the ear with her umbrella. The last I saw of them was a tangled mass sweeping knottily towards the Northern Heights. I gave up my ticket and walked quickly out into the street. For the first time I observed my original old gentleman still beside me.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I was so much interested to hear you're a de Grotchkin. Is the countess well?"

For a moment I hesitated, but really I felt too exhausted to go into it all.

"She is beginning to show her age," I said weakly.

"And Boris, poor fellow?"

"His sciatica, alas, is mounting."

"And little Tanya?"

"She is a big girl now," I said sadly.

"Then you must please dine with me to-morrow," cried the old gentleman pleadingly. And like an ass I said I would. ERIC.

H'm.

"— HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
PREPARATORY FOR BOYS."

Sign-board.

The Cosmic Mess

YES, there it is—"Revolutionary Communist Party." "Revolutionary"! And where is it? In the *London Telephone Directory*. Look yourself. What a wonderful country we are!

This column wonders idly whether the Revolutionary Social Democratic Party has any place in the Moscow Telephone Directory.

This column has already drafted the appropriate Question: "To ask the Postmaster-General whether he is aware, etc. . . . and whether it is part of the policy of H.M. Gov. to advertise etc. . . ." But probably it will never put the Question down. For, frankly, it makes this column *laugh*! And what a pity, in these days, to cause a "cut" in laughter!

* * * * *

This column, like many another professional toiler, no doubt, has also been thinking about organizing a strike. The collar-and-tie characters, of course, are far too modest about their powers and importance. Secretly, whatever they may say about the misguided striker, they wish that they too could hold the community to ransom by refusing duty for a day or two. How fine to be able to deprive the Metropolis of meat—or even veg.—of fish, or petrol, of eggs and bacon, of newspapers or buses, of gas or water or light, simply by taking a few days' holiday! But there, they say, humbly, who would care if we did? What would it matter to the Metropolis, for example, if this column did not appear?

* * * * *

And there, of course, they are so wrong. Even, maybe, this dear little column is wrong. For one thing, a great many good men, their wives and families, depend upon this column—and other columns—for meat and veg., for bacon and eggs. They print them, they bind them, they pack them, and label them, they load them on lorries and trains and ships, and sell them proudly across the counter or in the street. And if all the columns suddenly said "No!" . . .

Because, you see, though many people think it is very easy to "write for the papers", in fact it requires a good deal of thought, industry, and even skill. This column has always said that at the worst it could, and would, do almost anything. It could steer a tug, navigate the *Queen Elizabeth*, plead a case in the Courts, be a lighterman, waiter, barman or bus-conductor, paint a house, dig up

the road: it could even learn to lay a brick or drive a lorry. There are two rather large exceptions to this column's boasting. One, this column would hate to work below ground, and two, this column would simply refuse to work above ground—that is, a long way above ground*. (Most miners and steeple-jacks, on the other hand, would rather die than make an after-dinner speech.) So this column has always said that, as far as this column is concerned, the miners, the steeple-jacks and the high-house-builders (or destroyers) can have anything they want†. But concerning all the other good chaps, this column begs to assert, in the most friendly and unprovocative fashion, (a) that it could learn to do their jobs quite well, quite soon and (b) that it would take them the whale of a time to learn to write the tiniest column. You will say, of course, that the column-world is full of eager black-legs, so that it would be futile for all

* It would not be very keen on looking after bulls.

† And, perhaps, bull-tenders too.



"It's that strange man again, darling—unless we send the ransom at once, his gang threatens to release mother."

the columns to say "No!" Ah, but wait till we have the Amalgamated Society (the One Big Union) of Columns—and there are good solid pickets everywhere, "peacefully" discouraging the columns who seek to supplant us. Yes, and stopping the mails.

* * * * *

More alarming still, suppose that *all* the Collar-and-tie Brigade suddenly said "No!" Take, for example, such a matter as Income Tax. What this column likes about these jolly strikes is that the jolly strikers expect all non-strikers to work not only just as hard, but, in many cases, twice as hard. The wretched Civil Servants must work overtime—drafting "formulae" and "settlements", attending conferences, collecting statistics, interviewing this, that and the other: policemen have all their leave stopped, do double time, and are expected to like it; they must also protect the strikers from assault and burglary. The posts and the rations must punctually arrive: there must be gas and water and electric light; the wireless, the films, the football pools, the bookies, the brewers, the barmen, the dogs, the schools, the hospitals, the doctors, the lawyers, the insurance chaps, the bankers, and the clerks must never fail. And all the time this column—and many others—are expected to go on paying the income tax and the rates which provide so many of these services.

Suppose, this column repeats, that *ALL* the persons and services inadequately indicated above said suddenly "NO!" Just for a week, if you like. Just for a "token" week. Or shall we make it a token month. Not during a jolly strike, perhaps; but a few days after some jolly but insane strike has been gloriously concluded with big bouquets for all concerned. Suddenly, without a word of warning *all* the clerks, all the "sedentaries", all the professions, all the collar-and-ties lay off, and show the "manual" world that they do things that matter too. No pensions paid; no coupons honoured; no rations distributed; no cheques or postal orders cashed; no mails, no newspapers, no radio, no films, no bookies, no bets, no beer; no Civil Servants to answer letters, provide "formulae" or information; no bankers, no judges, no solicitors, no teachers, no schools, no hospital, no police. And, above all perhaps, no doctors or dentists. The doctors and the dentists, of course, have that tiresome tradition



"Well, Hardcastle, back to the land of plenty again!"

of duty, of devotion to duty: and probably they would ruin everything.

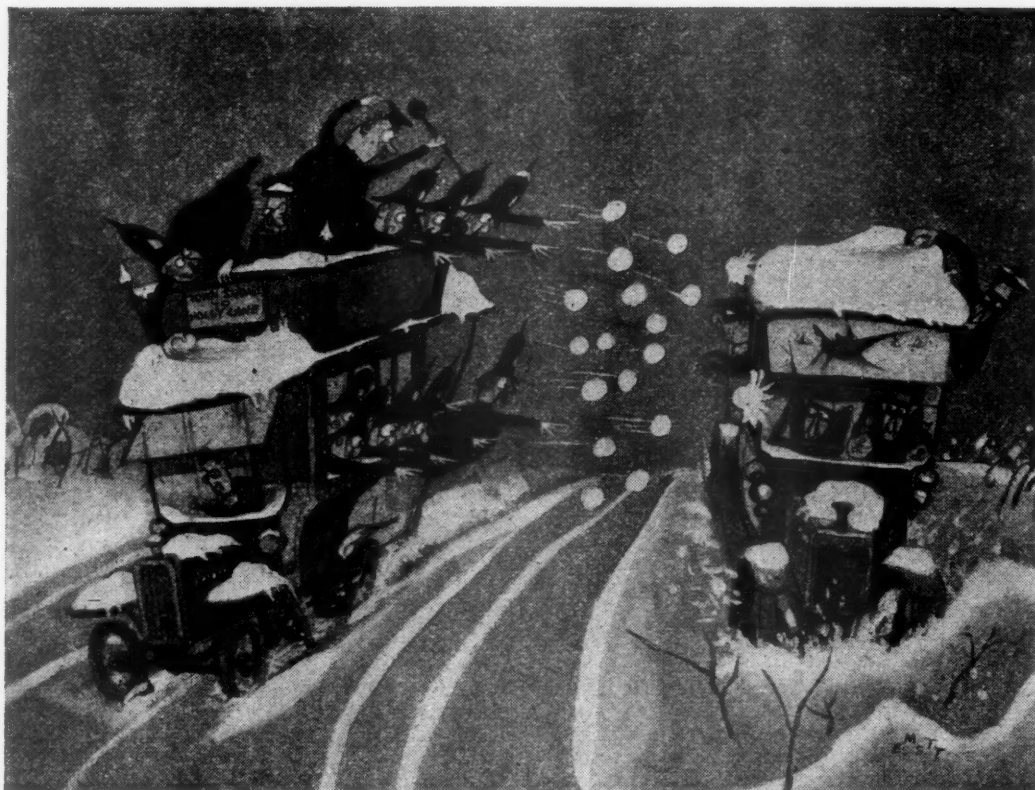
But, still day-dreaming, this column imagines a jolly doctor's conversation with a jolly, successful, "unofficial" striker. "Hullo, my dear sir. So your strike has been successful and you are to work fewer hours. You have won! You have shown the world that you are the man who matters! Jolly good show! And now your wife is to have a baby? I congratulate you. But I, you see, have been working twelve hours a day while you have been having your rest: and if I attend this interesting ceremony I shall have to work fourteen, perhaps fifteen hours to-day. Why should I? You are the man who matters. Carry on, my boy. Good night".

Another day-dream. A day-dream of the Income Tax. At long last all the income-tax-payers (not under P.A.Y.E.) and all the surtax-payers have struck, refusing at last to provide

pensions and subsidies and free this and that for people who feel entitled to stop working, and stop everyone else working, at a moment's notice. And at last the Chancellor of the Exchequer makes a charming, tender, an almost grovelling announcement, following, as closely as he can, a very recent Ministerial utterance: "Dear taxpayers," he will say, "dear, sweet taxpayers—Don't think for a moment that we are judging your case. We quite understand. And we do hope that you will understand. But the fact is, the King's Government must go on: and we must have *your* money. So I tell you what we thought of doing—*Don't* be offended, I beg!—But the idea was that we might proceed against you in the Courts—you see, darlings? And then, if you don't pay, we might distraint—oh, that's nothing: we'd *just* take your furniture away—or, possibly, put you in a dear little prison. Now, do take it nicely, dears; because, honestly, we mean *no* harm."

And then there is a better day-dream still—one that negatives, perhaps, the one before. "No Victimization!" That, this column thinks, is this column's favourite formula among the final scenes of a jolly strike. Everyone—or almost everyone—has behaved insanely: but nobody shall suffer—except the public. At the end of a large, jolly "unofficial" strike, one would think, one of two things ought to happen. Either the jolly Trade Union leaders resign—or are removed: or the jolly strikers are expelled. Neither ever happens. But this column has hopes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Darlings," he will say, "you were so wrong not to pay your income-tax. But 'no victimization'! We'll all start again: and you needn't pay at all!"

A day-dream, this column fears. And "actually", this column supposes, all this column can do is to stop this column abruptly. "Just a gesture", perhaps. But there it is. A. P. H.



"Now, my hearties! A rattling broadside of round-shot through his upper works!"

I Beg Your Pardon.

"**E**SSENTIALLY a perfectionist," said Cogbottle, "that was his trouble."

Upfoot said "Who?"

"Do you mean you haven't been listening all this time? My friend the announcer."

"I do mean just that," said Upfoot. "How was he a perfectionist? What's his name?"

"You wouldn't know him," said Cogbottle evasively. "Not one of the war-time ones. I haven't heard of him for years. He took to trying to improve his intonations."

"Do you mean he took lessons in—"

"Good lord, no. I mean he used to . . ." Cogbottle paused. "It's hard to explain. Look: you know the way an announcer will cough, or clear his throat, or hiccup, or perhaps say a word again, and then apologize?"

"Part of the stock-in-trade of the comics for years."

"Yes. Well, this friend of mine—call him, I don't know, call him X.—started to do the same thing with his intonations. He'd start to say 'The Home Secretary to-day at Manchester Fat Stock Market—' and then break off and say 'I beg your pardon. The Home Secretary to-day at Manchester Fat Stock Market,' and so on."

"Well, they all do that sort of thing, too," said Upfoot. "You can't always get it right the first go."

"I said this man X. was a perfectionist," Cogbottle

insisted. "He did it all the time. You never heard anything like his reading of the News. It was like pushing a pram over a ploughed field . . . Or, rather, no; if you push a pram over a ploughed field, your progress, though catastrophically slow and much interrupted, is at least continuous. You don't stop and go back and grind through the same clods again."

"This chap did?"

"Figuratively. I told you."

"Funny I don't remember this," said Upfoot. "Didn't the newspapers—"

Cogbottle seemed not to have heard. "Well," he said, "there came a time . . ."

"Oh, this is a story, is it," Upfoot said disgustedly.

"What's wrong with a story?"

"Nothing. Only the way you began might have led anybody to believe—"

"You don't remember the way I began. I had to begin all over again because you hadn't heard a word."

Upfoot assumed a look of indignation. "Do you mean you deceived me," he said, "by beginning again in an entirely different way?"

"Look," said Cogbottle. "Let's get back to the narrative. Or don't you want to hear?—don't answer that," he added hastily. "Where was I?"

"You had got to the point that always creeps up on one in these moral tales. 'There came a time—'"

"Oh, yes. There came a time when the News was taking about half an hour or more nearly every time he read it, because he couldn't resist checking his intonation of *everything*, no matter what. And on Saturdays, when it came to the football results . . ." Cogbottle picked up an evening paper and ran his finger down the "Classified Results" column. "Yes. This is the sort of thing he'd do. He would say 'Tottenham Hotspur, two; Stoke City, two. I beg your pardon—Tottenham *Hotspur*, two; Stoke *City*, two.' Then a bit later would come 'Walsall, two; Liverpool, five. I beg your pardon—Walsall, two; Liverpool, *five*.' And again—'Swindon Town, five; Watford, nought. I beg your pardon—Swindon Town, *five*; Watford' (very significantly), 'nought.'"

"H'm," said Upfoot, watching Cogbottle narrowly. "How did he get on with the cast lists of plays?"

"That was interesting too. He'd say 'You have just heard—I beg your pardon. You have just heard *I Enclose My Card, And Am*, a play by Calendula Smithereen; I beg your pardon—a *play* by Calendula Smithereen.' Then he'd go right through the list of players, repeating nearly every name, until he came to the last one, which perhaps would be 'Policeman—Will Carry.' Well, he'd find he had unwarily pronounced it with an implied semi-colon after it, as if it *wasn't* the last one, as if it were only leading

up to the last one. And blow me if he wouldn't say 'I beg your pardon' and then go right back to the beginning of the list and go through it all again so as to pronounce the phrase 'Policeman—Will Carry' with the requisite air of finality."

There was a pause. Then Upfoot said, "I know very well you must be holding in reserve some sentence of staggering intricacy for the climax of this story. All right, let's have it."

"No," Cogbottle said good-humouredly, "it was really a perfectly simple sentence. There was something in the News about scientists watching an eclipse, and he had to read the statement 'During the past fifty years only sixty minutes' study of total eclipse has been possible.' Well, he began 'During the past fifty years—' and then, remembering that the previous sentence had said something about the *next* fifty years, he broke off and said 'I beg your pardon. During the *past* fifty years only sixty minutes' study—I beg your pardon. During the *past* fifty years only *sixty* minutes' study of—I beg your pardon. During the *past* fifty years only *sixty minutes*' study—I beg your pardon. During the *past* fifty years only *sixty MINUTES*' study of—' Well, it was the end," Cogbottle said. "They had to take him off announcing and put him in some other department."

"You don't say," said Upfoot. "I beg your pardon—you don't say."

R. M.



"This is money for jam: nothing to do but earn two hundred and seventy-two pounds less last year than the year before and Presto! an income tax refund for a hundred and twenty-eight pounds!"

At the Play

"THE ALCHEMIST" (NEW)

THE monstrous gullibility of human nature is unaffected, fortunately for the dramatist, by mechanical progress. We have anaesthetics and the atom-bomb but we remain as rich a prey to quacks as ever we were in 1610. BEN JONSON knew our frailties for all time, and this great play is as fresh as when he wrote it. His trio of crooks fleecing the citizens of London are still tremendously good entertainment, and as scene follows scene in a riot of satirical absurdity a situation piles up which only a master could have resolved and which only a producer of talent could control. Mr. JOHN BURRELL has done very well; in his hands the Old Vic Company delivers the piece with such magnificent gusto and comes so near to scoring a possible that it seems ungrateful to complain of the note of burlesque that creeps in to unbalance the comedy and to drown in easy laughter some of its best lines. But JONSON is too good and too funny to suffer false aids. Perhaps the chief offender is Miss JOYCE REDMAN who, as the trollop *Dol Common*, plays her scenes with *Sir Epicure Mammon* in a spirit of what I can only call unbridled Gingoldry. It brings down the house, but it also makes inaudible *Sir Epicure's* monumental plans for his gastronomic future. My favourite line in English literature, "Thou look'st like antichrist, in that lewd hat," was a casualty too, in spite of Mr. PETER COPLEY's praiseworthy determination that we should hear it; but in this case the tumult was legitimate, and only JONSON to blame.

Mr. GEORGE RELPH's *Subtle*, the bogus philosopher, is the best. He contrives to look like the common multiple of all the classical dons that have ever been, and he gives a brilliantly comic performance. On the other hand Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON, as *Face*, the decoy, seems to me disappointing. His nimble skill lends constant momentum, but he is too well spoken, too little of a card, and too undisguisedly his own charming self. With the reservation I have mentioned

Miss REDMAN plays *Dol* with so much spirit and humour that one forgets the youth and freshness which ill-equip her for the part. Of the rest—a good rest—one will remember most Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN's fine old crusted *Sir Epicure* (some of whose mellow fancies were cut, I thought), Mr. ALEC GUINNESS's *Druggier*, delightfully odd, and Mr. PETER COPLEY's *Ananias*, who more closely resembles a Calvinistical lamp-post than anything else I can think of. Pushing on the period a century has given Mr. MORRIS KESTELMAN opportunities with the dresses of which he takes every

FLECKER saw the well-known rip in terms of high-level politics and the nursery society of Mayfair, neither of which he appears to have understood. His *Juan* carries a gun and shoots at sight, scoring with the opening round a *Prime Minister*, who falls with a nasty thud among a lot of stone-deaf down-and-outs on the Embankment, whence his remains are conveniently bowled into the Thames shortly before the hour at which he has decided to declare a purely personal war. Now the nation's leaders may in the past have dispatched the Fleet a little impetuously, but this man deserved

his end on other grounds, if only for spilling the beans to a party of tight young people and wandering about London talking nonsense in the middle of the one night when he should at least have been doing so to the Chiefs of Staff. *Juan* thus miraculously saves the country (there being no Cabinet policy, apparently, at the time) an unnecessary war, which is one up to him; but his trigger-finger continuing to itch, he brings down one of the P.M.'s daughters, who has rumbled his guilty secret, and when her father's statue (erected with a speed that must have shaken Burlington House to its foundations) returns three months after his death to tell *Juan* to go to hell, the other daughter, his affianced, gets her quietus as well. The seamier side of his career is represented by a kipper-lass who is made to talk like a romantic school-mistress and whom he rather half-heartedly ruins.

In short, the play would sadly tax the resources of any cast, and the ELROY PLAYERS, formed with the admirable aims of giving young talent a public run (this one is already over) and of digging out good stuff neglected by the commercial theatre, should try themselves more kindly. Why not Pinero or Henry Arthur Jones, or even one of the less eminent Victorians?

Mr. FELIX DEEBANK came out top with a blood-curdling performance as *Juan's* Welsh servant. *Juan* himself was played with skill but insufficient gusto by Mr. GUY KINGSLEY-POYNTER, and Miss ANN BAKER brought conviction to the brief but passionate awakening of Target Number Two. ERIC.



NO MAN'S A HERO TO HIS OWN JEEVES.

Don Juan Mr. GUY KINGSLEY-POYNTER
Owen Jones Mr. FELIX DEEBANK

advantage. All in all this production is a treat not to be missed.

"DON JUAN"
(ELROY PLAYERS,
KING GEORGE'S HALL)

IF a play introduces statesmen and fisher-girls then I think it is vitally important for them to behave as such, and the fact that part happens to be in verse is no excuse for them carrying on in the manner of any other occupations. There are flashes of fine poetry here to remind us that JAMES ELROY FLECKER was the author, but theatrically the whole thing is so confused that my heart bled for the R.A.D.A. students who were trying gallantly to put it over.

At the Opera

"CARMEN" (COVENT GARDEN)
"THE BARBER OF SEVILLE"
(CAMBRIDGE)

THE new Covent Garden Opera Company chose *Carmen*, sung in English, in which to make their first bow to the public last week. As a spectacle it is brilliant, and EDWARD BURRA, the designer, deserves the warmest congratulations. His Seville street scenes are simple and well laid out, with bright colours that suggest the dazzle of sunshine, deep black shadows and an intense blue sky in enjoyable contrast to the chilly dampness of a winter's night in London. The dresses of the crowd on the stage are kaleidoscopic in their variety and clear colour, and there is a most engaging crew of ragamuffins to add to the general liveliness. The stage of Covent Garden has probably never seen a more brilliant setting of this opera. The tavern scene is an equally effective essay in deeper and richer colours.

The playing of the orchestra under KARL RANKL matches the stage spectacle in vitality and colour, and all the famous and well-loved tunes are heard in all that one could wish of transparent brightness. The singing of the principal characters does not, however, quite reach the same level of excellence. EDITH COATES has all the necessary vocal power, but has not a wide enough range of expression for an ideal *Carmen*. She can be as violent as you please, but at the other end of the scale she cannot coax or cajole, for her voice has no velvety, purring tones—which is to say that her *Carmen* is not feline enough. She is more like a mastiff than a tigress—or even a domestic pussy-cat, who will purr voluptuously as you scratch its head and then, a split-second later, will turn into a hurricane of teeth and claws and tear your hand to pieces. None the less, Miss COATES has the power to dominate the stage all the time she is on it, for her *Carmen* is larger than life, as an operatic character should always be. The *Don José* of KENNETH NEATE quite fails to convince one that here is a man who would endure disgrace for love of a *Carmen*. He seems much more likely to run home to mother (as *Micaela* tries to persuade him to do) than to take to the hills as a smuggler and outlaw. The *Escamillo* of DENNIS NOBLE is also on too small a scale. He lacks the sweeping arrogance and splendid animalism that one imagines in a famous bull-fighter. MURIEL RAE, the *Micaela*, indulges in the crime of

wobbling, and wobbling should be banished from Covent Garden. The Chorus is excellent.

The New London Opera Company's production in Italian of *The Barber of Seville* is well up to the standard they have set with their other productions. Three of the five principals hail from Bonnie Scotland. Caledonian Italian may not deceive the elect, but it passes muster extraordinarily well, and in addition to IAN WALLACE's fine performance as *Dr. Bartolo* two newcomers, the brothers DICKIE, though not yet fully-fledged opera stars, are quite astonishing songsters. MURRAY DICKIE, a pocket-edition *Almaviva*, has a tenor voice that is small as his stature but of beautiful quality, and he sings and acts in a way that betokens talent of a high order. His elder brother WILLIAM has an excellent baritone voice and in his gay velvet costume gives a spirited performance of the "*factotum della città*," the irrepressible *Barber*. The *Don Basilio* of ANDREA MONGELLI is vocally magnificent and a perfect portrait of this grubby charlatan—an unsavoury character but, as interpreted by MONGELLI, an absolute joy. LIANA GRANI is an accomplished *Rosina*.

The music of ROSSINI is like champagne, and when it is well sung, as it is at the Cambridge Theatre, it is quite intoxicating. The melodies are like the bubbles rising in endless golden chains from the bottom of one's glass. Even the satyr-like billy-goat from Plaistow who had a walking-on part in the first act of *The Barber* came under the spell of the music and had to be dragged off the stage by force. Madame GONTCHAROVA's settings are charming, and

ALBERTO EREDE, the conductor, handles his spirited team with complete mastery. D. C. B.

In the Chair

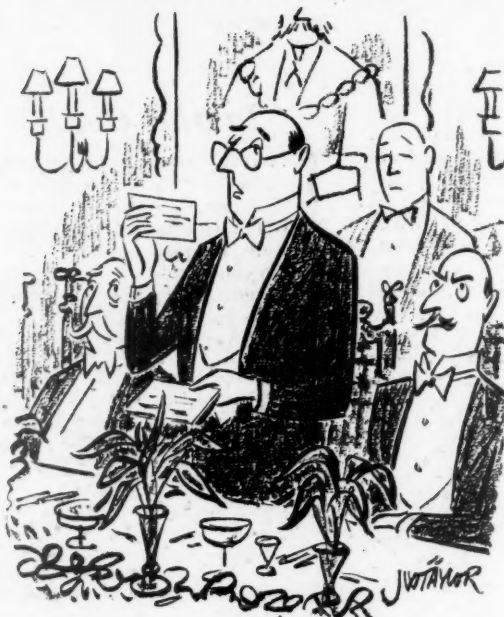
"I'M really rather more at home
In my two-vented coat,
Forcing a carefree curry-comb
Through Goldilocks, my goat.
I'm really happier among
My Wyandottes," he sighed,
"You ought to see them chortling to
their young—
Please open wide."

"For me the bog, the blasted heath,
The fever of the gorse,
Hounds at my heel and underneath
Hot flanks," cried he, "of horse.
Leave me alone in some scarred brae
With burdock in my shirt
And honey-buzzards howling at their
prey—
Now this may hurt."

"No, teeth are not my foremost love
By any means," he said.
"Give me a savage sky above
And moleskin on my head.
Give me a storm and in its train
Confusion in the trees.
Give me the sulky mutter of the rain—
Rinse, if you please."

"I love no molar half so well
As mammals at the zoo.
No denture weaves for me the spell
That armadillos do.
No sounds from human jaws escape
To touch the plop of trout;
No drill can match the murmur of the
ape—
This must come out."





"Telegram from Sir William Grebe: 'Regret unable attend wish every success reminded story Englishman Irishman Scotsman . . .'"

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Odours of Eden

THE charter of the Grocers' Company was issued in 1315 to "people who plied the trade of pepperers," a limitation that stresses the important place spices have played in English history. Yet there were never any spices to speak of in Europe: the original story, as credited by the Crusaders, was that they all came from the Garden of Eden. Adventurers, navigators and traders *In Quest of Spices* (JENKINS, 15/-) were outstanding figures in the European penetration of Africa, Asia and America; and the acquisition of gold and the spreading of the Gospel pale as incentives before an insatiable appetite for cloves and nutmegs. The heights of heroism and depths of chicanery involved in the search are vividly delineated by Miss SONIA E. HOWE, a geographical expert and a Laureate of the *Académie Française*. Her book, which is admirably illustrated, has already been translated into French. She has visited not only the European starting-points of the adventurers—Portugal was the first to get going—but objectives as far apart as the Moluccas and Zanzibar; and her narrative quality is shown by her handling of individual careers, some of which—like that of Pierre Poivre who broke the Dutch monopoly by his plantations at Île de France—deserve a book to themselves.

H. P. E.

Modern Biography

Profiles from Notable Modern Biographies (SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, 8/6) should appeal to readers unequal to the strain of a book occupied with a single subject. The

editor, Mr. LEONARD GRIBBLE, has chosen more or less self-contained episodes from a number of recent biographies; his object has been to cater for a wide variety of tastes, and he has prefaced each episode with a few remarks which nicely blend approval of the author about to be exhibited and encouragement to the reader to taste the new course. Introducing an extract from Mr. Herbert Weinstock's *Tchaikovsky*, Mr. GRIBBLE writes: "He succeeds in the difficult task of holding a fair balance between the genius who could create soul-stirring melody and the man who suffered and laboured under strange mental and physical stresses." Of Wing-Commander Guy Gibson's posthumously published autobiography he says that the sadness felt in reading it vanishes in gratitude that the author actually breathed and walked the earth. And so on. Nevertheless, the episodes themselves are on the whole skilfully selected, and both those who have read the biographies from which they are taken and those who missed them will be grateful to the editor. Here are three of the thirteen extracts. Jonathan Martin, the incendiary of York Minster commemorated by Mr. Thomas Balston, appears as the youthful sailor whom the press-gang sent to sea in the year before Trafalgar; Mr. Charles Cochran's connoisseurship in feminine beauty occupies some stimulating and interesting pages; Mr. Eric Bligh's memories of Tooting some soothing ones.

H. K.

The Twelfth Nation

Old Korea (HUTCHINSON, 42/-) is a very delightful picture-book—and a picture-book with a purpose. Annexed by the Japanese in 1910 and liberated by their fall, Korea, numerically the twelfth nation in the world, is almost unknown outside its borders save through a handful of missionaries. With these missionaries ELIZABETH KEITH and ELSPET ROBERTSON SCOTT stayed in 1919, the year of Korea's hopeless but magnificent bid for independence. Miss KEITH's sensitively-observed and vivid paintings of traditional Korean life, and her sister's detailed introduction and commentary, are meant—and cannot fail—to arouse sympathy with a people so cruelly wronged. If outrages are not enumerated it is only because the world has had a surfeit of horrors. Feeling as they did for the Koreans, the two sisters tried to avoid using their Japanese introductions; but they found two passports to understanding—art and Christianity. Their story of the high official successfully blandished by being shown Miss KEITH's paintings, and that of the solitary old Korean delegate for whom a whole congress of Tokyo Christians rose as one man are characteristic; and the whole book is remarkable for the generosity with which its collaborators' gifts are put to work of national, cultural and supernatural importance.

H. P. E.

An American Critic

On Second Thought (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 18/6) contains a selection from the critical work of Mr. JAMES GRAY, who during the last twenty years has been advising the Middle West on its reading, and is now book editor of the *Chicago Daily News*. Mr. GRAY is a shrewd, straightforward critic who has managed to retain much of his native enthusiasm for books in spite of the fact that, as he remarks with sardonic resignation, "of the five thousand and more that have been considered by one earnest and indefatigable man in these twenty years, most have been completely forgotten." He is perhaps more reliable in his dislikes than in his likes. Joseph Hergesheimer and James Branch Cabell once, it appears, seemed to him highly

gifted writers; and it is possible that, if he is still reviewing twenty years hence, his present enthusiasm for Mr. Arthur Koestler and Thomas Mann will have faded a little. But he is much to the point about Louis Bromfield who, "determined to be something more important than a sober and dignified novelist of the second order," transformed himself into "a luridly spectacular . . . novelist of the fourth class." Of Mr. Somerset Maugham's *The Razor's Edge*, he says that "the search for spiritual fulfilment is reduced to a handful of episodes each as tawdry as it is incredible"; and of Aldous Huxley as mystic he remarks that he has a great deal to say about love and compassion but has never displayed a hint of either quality in the treatment of his characters.

H. K.

Ascent to Calamity

It is still much too early to assess the career of the Prime Minister who led this country not only to war but to the very edge of final catastrophe. By degrees history will almost certainly decide at least that he was as wise as most and wiser than many in forecasting the turn of events and in estimating the weight of the forces marshalling in central Europe, and it may even be that the Munich postponement will increasingly appear to have been a world-saving triumph of Machiavellian diplomacy for the English statesman. That in intention it was nothing of the kind Mr. KEITH FEILING makes very clear in *The Life of Neville Chamberlain* (MACMILLAN, 25/-), the one outstanding quality that he attaches to his hero being a kind of brusque, even harsh, simplicity. Mr. Chamberlain was no more qualified to be a great Foreign Secretary than he was to be a great war leader, or for that matter than he was to be a great Tory chief, showing himself as little at ease among the whirlwinds of the power politics of the Continent as in the uneasy breezes of Party strategies at home. In his lonely years of intense physical and moral struggle on an isolated plantation in the Bahamas he had early acquired qualities of remoteness, not less than of self-reliance, that kept him always a little at arm's length even from trusted colleagues. He operated as an immensely efficient unrelenting machine, an automaton reformer, a perfected Civil Servant rather than a statesman, bent first and last on progress in health, housing and education. War, by comparison, was an unreal intrusion. Mr. FEILING has done well in refusing to allow this record of a long and fascinating life to be too much overclouded by the shadow that was awaiting what should have been the crowning months of a great career.

C. C. P.

Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured

"If the humane and urbane pattern of life is to survive upon this planet, man must be able to relax among toys and nonsense." This is surely the saying of a wise man, and *Juvenile Drama, The History of the English Toy Theatre* (MACDONALD, 15/-), shows Mr. GEORGE SPEAIGHT an amusing writer and a most tenacious scholar as well. The origin of these delightful models, which brought colour and style into the childhood of Robert Louis Stevenson, Dicky Doyle (who designed Mr. Punch's cover), Lewis Carroll, G. K. Chesterton, Winston Churchill and countless other imaginative infants, is debatable; for whereas Mr. A. E. Wilson, who wrote lately on the subject, thinks they sprang from the German toy theatre, Mr. SPEAIGHT believes them to have developed directly from the sheets of characters and scenes from contemporary plays which London stationers were putting out about 1810. From wherever they came the early prints were a full-blooded

reflection of the rich flamboyance of the Regency theatre. Tied increasingly to domestic entertainment, the trade flourished until roughly 1870, and though since then a few names have stood out, such as Webb and Pollock, the whole business has become more and more a collector's hobby. Now Mr. Alan Keen, having bought the stock of the Misses Pollock, plans a revival. Good luck to him! So charming an art should never be allowed to die. Its story is fascinatingly bound up with our social history and with that of the parent theatre, and Mr. SPEAIGHT, who is a practical operator as well as an enthusiast, tells it as it should be told, with a good index, copious plates and the more solid bits tucked away comfortably in appendices. Sir RALPH RICHARDSON gives the book his blessing in a brief preface.

E. O. D. K.

On the High Hills

For those who have spent or hope to spend long days on the mountains of North Britain Mr. W. KERSLEY HOLMES has written, in *Tramping the Scottish Hills* (MACKAY, 8/6), a book which will, according to circumstances, be the perfect encourager of high hopes or happy memories. He gives the details of many climbs, the best routes and the worst difficulties, much excellent advice and some interesting accounts of tramps (but most of us will for that word read "feats") that he has himself accomplished, and some fine descriptions of scenery. In writing what is in some degree a guide-book he has to a great extent avoided the monotony from which they are apt to suffer and has notably succeeded in conveying his own interest and exhilaration. Historical associations do not greatly attract him, apparently, but he has some good things to say of the flora of the high hills. The reader who looks for human interest will like the mental picture that emerges of the climber with tinned peaches in his knapsack and a sponge-bag for botanical specimens festooned from one of his buttons, and will share with the author his wonder at finding a lady's long kid glove on the heights of Ben Lui and at the presence of a parrot-cage in the middle of the Coolins.

B. E. S.

"Vanity Fair"

SOME books live for ever and immortalize the name of their author. This can surely be said of *Vanity Fair*. It was a hundred years ago, in January 1847, that the first of the twenty parts of this novel was issued from Punch Office, 86 Fleet Street, in its famous yellow covers. There were actually only nineteen issues, for the last was a double one and appeared in July 1848. This was the first of the four novels that Thackeray brought out in this way, and it is illustrated by himself.

Each copy cost 1/- and one could therefore have bought for one pound what sells to-day for several hundred. At first the sales were slow, but by June Thackeray wrote his brother-in-law "*Vanity Fair* does tolerably well."

By the time the tenth number was issued the demand had got so great that the publishers had much difficulty in satisfying it.

The proprietors of *Punch* had shown their shrewdness by backing Thackeray in this new type of venture; and Thackeray repaid their confidence by writing what he described to his doctor a week before he died (as they passed 13 Young Street, where the book was written) thus: "*Vanity Fair* was my greatest novel, the *Cane Bottomed Chair* my favourite ballad."*

* St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, Parish Magazine, September, 1889. By Dr. J. J. Merriman.

Back at the Wheel

Buying It—I

WHEN I told my friends that I had bought a car they said "So have I," and rushed me out to look at a silver limousine as long as a cricket-pitch, with electronic wind-shield de-misters and push-button cellarette; so to avoid further misunderstandings of this kind, and to spare my friends' feelings when I rush them out to look at my car (snub-nosed and high-shouldered, with highly polished tyres and bloodshot windows) I try to strike a mildly disparaging note when I speak of it. I have only had two cars, and my new one, like my old one, is not a new one but an old one. This may sound obscure, but disparagement can be carried too far, and I like to avoid the word "secondhand." Like the dealers, bless their hacking-jackets and wayward moustaches, I prefer to describe my car as "used." Its registration-book shows that it has been used by seven previous users, so it would in any case be inaccurate to call it secondhand. I can't remember the early history of my other used car, but I know that it was an example of my infallible nose for a bad bargain, costing me seventeen pounds and only realizing six when I sold it a year later.

Frankly, I should be uneasy now with a really new car. I am too set in my ways to enter fresh fields of experience where brakes work, hooters hoot and door-handles do not come away in the hand. Old cars have their points; they repay neither cleaning nor stealing, and there is a comfortable feeling that when a car has racketed about the world for a decade or so without losing more than half its faculties it must conceal solid qualities under its maimed and blistered exterior.

I don't know what the relative ages of men and cars are, but I seem to have heard that one year of a car's life is the equivalent of seven years of a man's. This means that my new car is about eighty-four. (If I have got dogs mixed up in here somehow I don't care; I should like to see an eighty-four-year-old dog streak up Wimbledon Hill in top gear.) But it doesn't look its age, especially in the dusk. And 1935 was a good sound year, remember—the year when Campbell's "Blue Bird" did 301 m.p.h. along Daytona Beach. Now my other poor old thing was of a much slower vintage, born way back in 1929—the year when Segrave's "Golden Arrow" nearly burst its heart achieving a mere dawdle of 232 m.p.h. Up to now I

haven't touched either of these speeds in my new car, but I did get her up to thirty-five the other day, unless there's a crack in the speedometer glass; at any rate we caused such an atmospheric disturbance that our own wind got under the corner of the sunshine-roof and turned it back like a dog-eared page.

My car's previous user was a Mr. Jutterby, and I saw his advertisement on a postcard outside a newsagent's. "Excellent Contition Good Goer," it said. "Must sell no garadge." I made a note of the address, and telephoned Bartrop, a friend of mine employed by a very reputable club to condemn used cars that its members are thinking of buying. Bartrop can tell at a hundred yards whether a car's bimbbling-valves are above reproach.

"I've found another one," I told him excitedly.

"Where?" he said, and muttered something I failed to catch. I told him. He groaned a little, but said that he thought he could manage that afternoon. He didn't sound very hopeful. Bartrop is a difficult man to please, and has already made me very unpopular with three local dealers, in whose windows gleaming temptations had caught my eye. He said dreadfully harsh things about them, out loud so that everybody could hear, recoiling white-faced from the very number-plates (which mysteriously enable him to calculate a car's birthday) and going on to tap them at selected points so that vital organs fell out on to the show-room floor.

However, dealers are different. They have their living to earn (I am still trying to get back my deposits from two of them) and I felt from the first that I was on to a good thing with Mr. Jutterby. The reason given for selling the Good Goer had an honest ring

about it, and I was already fairly certain that I was going to buy it. I have a sixth sense in these matters.

That afternoon I went along for a private view, finding the narrow cul-de-sac without much difficulty and walking up proprietorially to the heap of tarpaulins standing outside the end house. I was just about to raise a corner of one of them when a lady in a tippet and a white linen coat appeared out of the mist and said "Yes, young man?" in a voice packed with challenge.

"I'd like to buy it," I said, raising my hat instead and saying more than I intended in an anxiety to establish my honourable intentions.

"She's a good goer," said the lady. "I'm Mrs. Jutterby. Fish-shop."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Just a touch and she starts. I work at the fish-shop, don't finish while half-past, going back at four for the football tea."

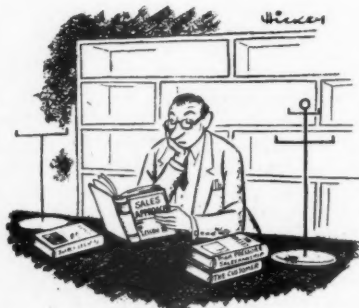
She was a small woman, but had already begun to tackle the heavy tarpaulins manfully, first removing several lumps of broken-up air-raised shelter which pinned down the coverings. As she worked she volunteered further personal data. Her boy Fred (that was the eldest) had paid two-fifty for the good goer in September when he came out of the Merchant Navy, and now they'd called him up for the Army. It didn't seem right. "Just a tick and I'll start her."

She heaved herself into the driver's seat, removing her tippet to give ease of movement and tying it in a knot round the steering-column. For some minutes she seemed to be operating a number of knobs, levers and switches. Nothing happened, except that one of the headlights came on weakly.

"The lights are all right," she said, "and all the windows wind." She wound one or two to bridge the gap. "Of course, if Fred was here he only has to sit in the seat. Would you like to see the engine?"

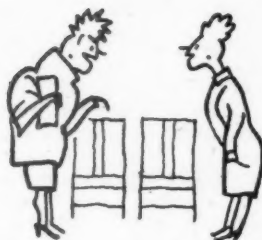
We strained together at one side of the bonnet. "You can see it best from the other side," she panted after a minute or so. "I can start her, see, but I don't know nothing about her." The other side of the bonnet was less stubborn. "All this old rummle," said Mrs. Jutterby, pulling out a handful of sacking. She added with presence of mind, "See how they fuss her up, eh?"

It was beginning to get quite dark now, and my ears were straining for





"I'm looking for a pair of fleecy boots."



"Yes, madam—to wear over your ordinary shoes?"

"Yes, please, if you've got them."



"Rubber soles—or leather?"

"Rubber, if possible."

"Cloth uppers or soft suede?"

"Suede, I think."

the sound of Bartrop's footsteps. Presently I did hear someone coming, but before I could explain that this must be my friend who knew all about cars Mrs. Jutterby said "It's Dad. He'll start her in a shake. Isn't it just like them, though? Fifty times out of fifty starts at a touch, then just when you—Dad!"

Mr. Jutterby was a very thin man in very thick boots. He sized up the situation at a glance and used one of the boots to kick away the pieces of masonry checking the wheels. The car moved gently forward until arrested by a pile of rubble. Then he got lumberingly into the driver's seat and sat there. Mrs. Jutterby and I waited. "Well?" said Mr. Jutterby at length, winding down his window irritably.

His wife threw her weight against the radiator and began to push. I felt sorry for her and joined in; as we slowly pushed Mr. Jutterby backwards towards the main road she explained that he was hungry, that was why, and that it was really her boy Fred's car. Also that they had been all the way to Pontypridd, Wales, with Olive and Len and the baby, and never been let down once. She had begun to waste further valuable breath in repeating that her boy Fred only had to sit in the seat when the car gave a wild metallic cry and stopped. Mr. Jutterby had engaged the gears.

"Where is your boy Fred?" I asked mildly, loosening my muffler.

"Aldershot," said Mrs. Jutterby, fanning back a strand of hair and opening her white coat. "But he only has to sit in the seat—don't he, Dad?"

"Don't what?"

"Fred. I say he only has to sit in the seat. Have you got the choke out?" She uttered the technicality with a self-conscious bravado.

"I'll choke you," said Mr. Jutterby,

clambering out with an immense starting-handle. "Come out of it."

We fell back obediently.

"It's with wanting his tea," whispered Mrs. Jutterby. "If my boy Fred—"

But footsteps were approaching, and presently I discerned in the half light the sceptical features of Bartrop. He carried his surgical bag and an electric torch the size of a roll of carpet.

"This it?" he demanded.

"Yes," I said defiantly. "Yes, this is it."

And I knew then that I was, ridiculously, on the side of the Jutterbys.

(To be dismantled)

J. B. B.

A Complaint

WHY—can anybody say?—
Has upon my natal day
Nothing ever taken place
Of importance to the race?

Why has no one great or glorious,
Famous, or at least notorious—
Author, actor, or highwayman,
Poet, prophet, priest or layman,
Ever chosen to appear
Then on this sublunary sphere?

Battles have been lost or won,
Kingdoms fallen, reigns begun,
People been decapitated,
Shipwrecked, crowned, assassinated,
Every day, it seems, but one—
One by fickle fame passed by,
No one's anniversary,
One round which no splendours cluster
Such as shed a borrowed lustre
On the birthdays of my friends . . .
Only—"Partridge Shooting Ends."

C. F. S.



"Any particular colour?"

"I don't mind very much—black or brown, perhaps."

"Lined with white lambswool?"

"Yes, rather!"



"Fur round the tops?"

"Yes, yes."

"Zip-fastening?"

"Yes, that's the very thing."



"No, we haven't any fleecy boots at all."

Fog

FEW men show to better advantage than I in a really thick, well-knit fog. I like fogs. Even in that record pea-souper the other day I had no qualms until I put my hand on what I thought was my front gate. A voice whiffled through the mist. "Hi! I'm just going to paint that gate!"

A spectral brush, loaded with green paint, hovered over the gate. It was extraordinary; just a gate, a brush—and dense fog.

"But I don't want it painted," I protested. "In any case, the colour scheme of my house is red and cream, not green."

"This ain't your house," came the voice. "It's a new one, just been built. You've been and lost your way."

"Nonsense! I'm very good at fogs," I retorted. "This is the first house from the corner—Number 2, Carefree Avenue."

"Ho, no! That's on the other corner—over there."

The brush soared dripping over my shoulder.

"That," I said coldly, "is the park."

The brush floated back unsteadily and melted into the fog. The man's tone annoyed me—the gate was exactly like mine. I wiped my eyes and glared through a green mist in his direction.

"Only an idiot would paint in this fog," I remarked acidly.

The fog heaved and a dew-spangled moustache loomed up.

"You wouldn't say that if you had to fill up all the forms I do," said the moustache bitterly. "I been waiting three months for this 'ere tin o' paint."

"Then surely another day doesn't matter?"

"Ho, yes. Until I do this gate, the house is classed as 'under construction,' and I have to fill up forms for it every week."

"I see," I murmured, somewhat mollified.

"When the gate's painted, the house is 'complete', and then I only fill up forms for it once a month. Now d'you see?"

I remembered that they *were* building a house opposite mine.

"You say Carefree Avenue is over there?" I temporized.

"Yes. If you like I'll pop across and show you."

We drifted about in dense fog for such a time that I lost patience. There was a long argument, during which I had to speak sharply to him about reckless pointing with his brush.

"This comes of having no system," I snapped, regarding the moustache severely out of one eye. "Now I'll try my method."

"O.K.," he said huffily. "I'll go back and paint me gate."

The moustache quivered indignantly and melted away. Now the great thing in a fog is to contact something solid quickly and so get your bearings. No good comes of mooning along at random. My own method is to walk in ever-increasing circles. I tramped round steadily, and at last made out a bleary tree-trunk. I could now of course get my bearings by noting which side the moss grew on. Woodcraft is invaluable in such cases. I peered minutely at the trunk. It turned round.

"What's your little game, eh?" it said gruffly.

"I beg your pardon, officer. I was looking for moss."

"Moss?" cried the policeman in an awful voice. "On me?"

"I thought you were a tree," I explained unhappily.

"Are you the chap who's been trotting round in circles this last half-hour?" he demanded. I was. He took my name and address. When I learned how far I was from home I blamed the moustache for the whole thing. It was most annoying. The policeman frowned.

"But you haven't got a moustache," he said suspiciously.

"I mean the moustache that offered to guide me home—"

As you will realize, it was all perfectly straightforward, but it sounded somewhat unconvincing at the time. There was an awkward silence, then he insisted on taking me home. He led me by the sleeve right to my front door. I had scarcely closed it and sat down when I heard a furious knocking. It was the policeman.

"I've a good mind to take you up to the station," he shouted, dancing about with annoyance. "Just look at me hands!"

It seemed an odd request, but I peered into the mist. His palms were nicely first-coated with bright green paint.

"Why didn't you tell me that you'd just painted your front gate?" he thundered.

"But I *haven't* painted it," I said with a sob of dismay.

"I suppose you'll tell me next that the moustache painted it," he cried with savage sarcasm.

"I'm afraid so," I whispered, gently closing the door.



#FWILES

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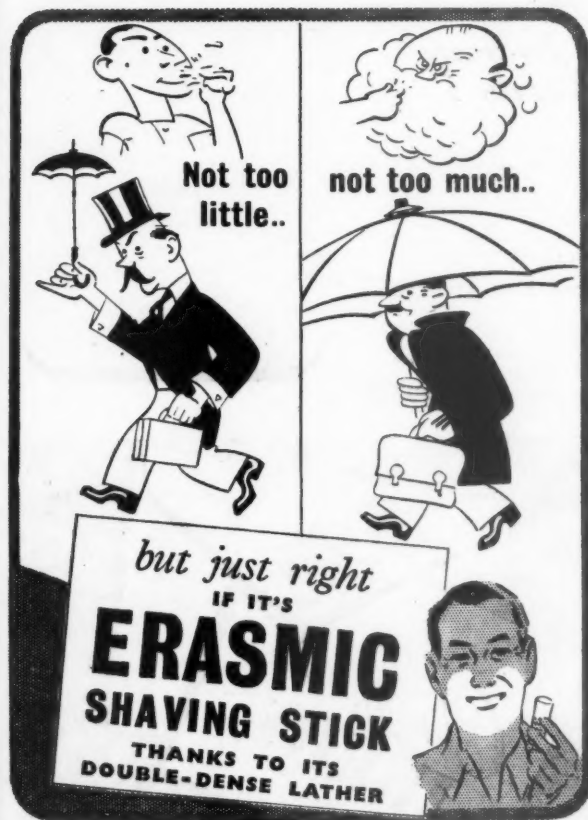
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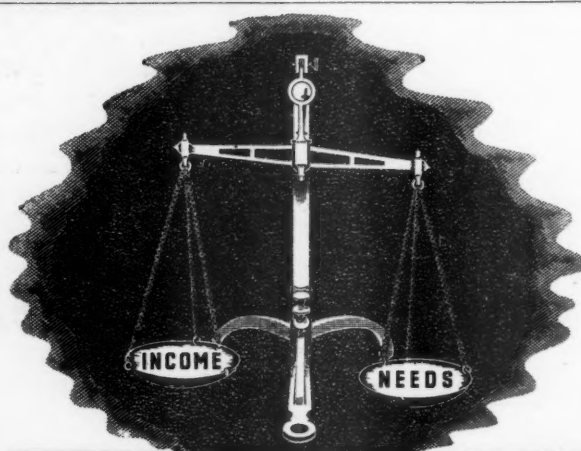
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**FILL THE SHIPS
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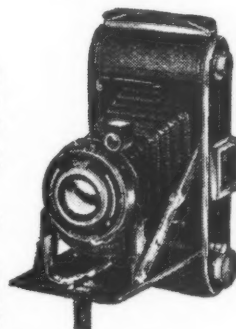
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Old Izaak Walton could write of inns as well as of angling. "We went to a good, honest ale-house, and there we played at shovel-board half the day". And again—"I am glad we are now with a dry house over our heads; for hark! how it rains and blows. Come, hostess, give us more ale, and our supper with what haste you may: and when we have supped, let us have your song, Piscator!" It is not surprising that to this day the most placid of sports should be associated with the "Fisherman's Rest" and the "Angler's Arms"—quiet havens by pool and stream.

Illustration specially drawn by Mervyn Peake